

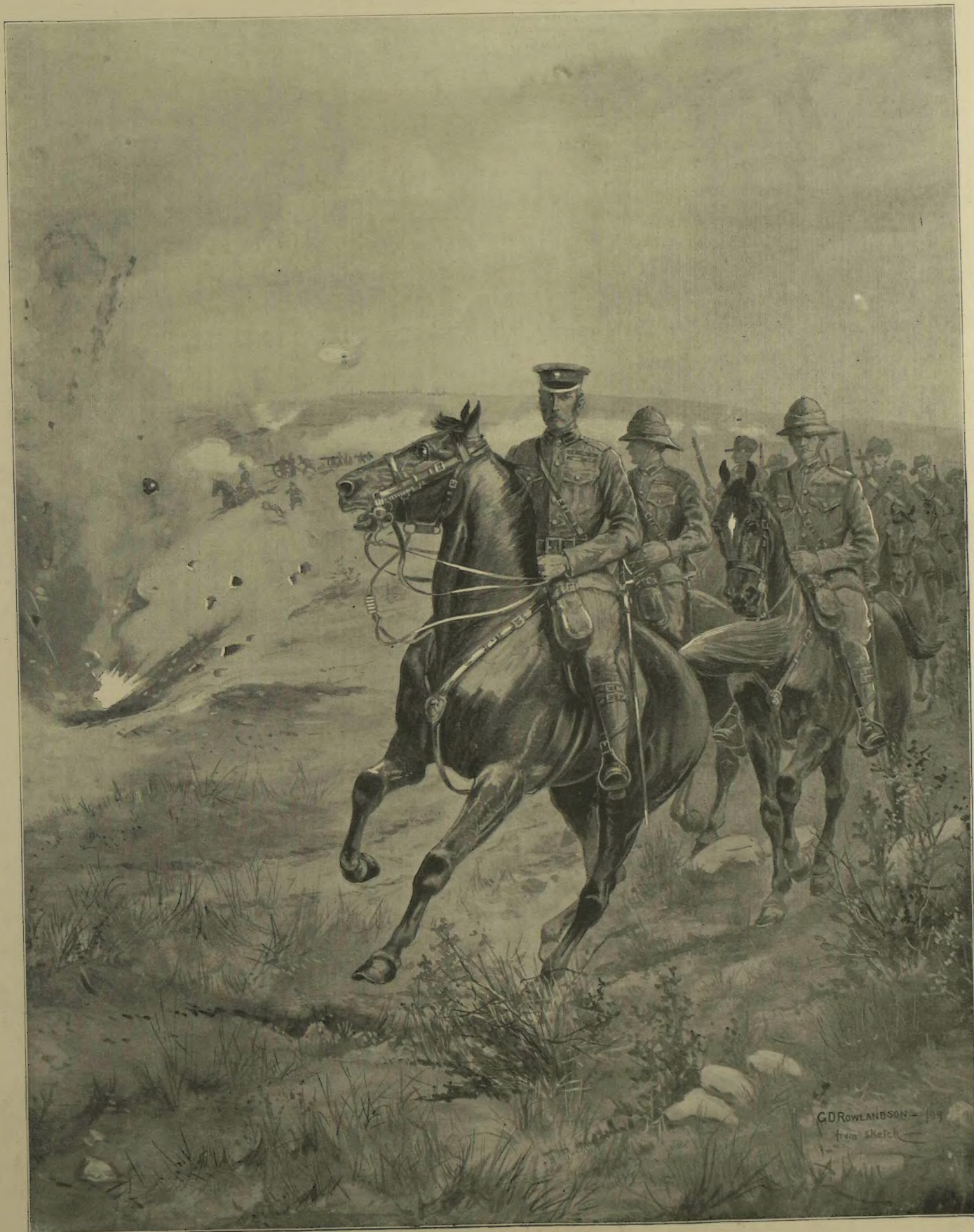
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 3162.—VOL. CXV.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.



G. ROWLANDSON - 1899
from sketch

THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE: ENEMY'S SHELL BURSTING BY THE SIDE OF GENERAL WHITE.
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The war may progress slowly, but the amateur strategist is active. You find him with his back to the fire in the smoking-room, very pensive before dinner. That is the critical period of the day to most people. It plays havoc with the nerves of hostesses in drawing-rooms. Expectant guests, even of the liveliest fancy, converse in gloomy whispers about the weather. The amateur strategist is moved by this subtle depression to derogatory comment on the management of the South African campaign. He recalls the Crimea, and shakes his head over Raglan. With his nervous system waiting for sustenance, he assures you that when the troops sailed for the East they didn't know where they were going to fight. You may say there's no historical parallel, as the men bound for Cape Town—Ah! well; but after Cape Town, eh? The amateur strategist pauses on this ominous doubt, gazes into vacancy, and has a bird's-eye view of Ladysmith. He sees the town circled by Boer guns belching lead, and the garrison hiding in holes in the ground. Do you think that, after such an experience, they will be in a fit state, even when relieved, to take any further part in the war? The amateur strategist grows arithmetical; he deducts ten thousand men or so from our available force. Ten thousand soldiers wringing their hands in the rear because they can't get over that bombardment and forget the holes they hid in!

After dinner the situation is not quite so bad. Ladysmith is relieved before we reach the entrée, and on the merits of the woodcock Buller is voted a better man than Raglan. Still, the amateur strategist entreats us to be cautious. Who knows that a Boer commando may not lurk behind the cheese? Either these Boers multiply their legions at will or they travel with greater facility than Sir Boyle Roche's bird. To be in only two places at once would be accounted laziness by a Boer tactician. Over a glass of port the prospect brightens. The amateur strategist is disposed to admit that, with a famine of news and a gross abundance of rumours, with the strange reluctance of Joubert to tell us what he is after, although he has a war-correspondent or two among his prisoners, with equal reticence on the part of Buller, and with no sort of illumination even in the untrammelled gaiety of the pigeon post, it is not surprising that the public should fall into the mood of impatient exaggeration. This war, it is clear, lags behind the spirit of the age. We learn all about the most distant earthquake in a few minutes; an ocean liner takes fire, or sinks in a collision, and in next to no time we know exactly what everybody did down to the cabin-boy. But this war refuses to tick itself off on the tape as if it were a race-meeting. When the newsboy shouts "Winner," you know you will get positive information for your halfpenny; but all the shouting and all the halfpence produce no military "finals."

There is another kind of amateur, a most pacific man, who is fond of saying that the people who make a war ought to do the fighting. Often have I heard his confident assertion, that wars would end if statesmen were put into the firing-line. It is a nice easy formula for saviours of society who think there must be some short cut to the brotherhood of man. They might reflect just now that if statesmen are not in the firing-line, many of their kindred are there. One of Lord Salisbury's colleagues remarked the other day that he had a son in the war and thirteen nephews. Here is one statesman, at any rate, with fourteen excellent reasons for keeping the peace, if the peace could be kept without national discredit. Even a Minister, I presume, need not be suspected of a cynical desire for the possible butchery of his family. Statesmen are but human, and ambition may override the love of one's kith and kin; but when they count the cost of war, they do not thrust it cheerfully on the hearts of strangers. The shadow of bereavement hangs over their own hearthstones.

I have read with no small satisfaction the order that Lord Methuen has issued to his troops: "In going into action the dress of the officer will be so nearly alike that of his men that it will puzzle the Boer marksmen to detect any difference." This promises to abolish the gross absurdity which has already cost so many valuable lives. I see that Lord Archibald Campbell, whose sympathy with Highland custom and costume is hereditary, has invented a reversible tartan. One side will beguile the Boer and the other will enchant the nursemaid; drab to baffle the enemy, and the brilliant old Scottish hues to charm the lasses. It is an ingenious notion which does credit to Lord Archibald's head and heart. But why need the Highlander wear even a reversible tartan in the field? Why unveil his sinews to the watchful foe, who varies the Irishman's injunction at Donnybrook, "When you see a bald head, hit it," to, "When you see a bare leg, shoot it"? Why cannot the Highlander in South Africa condescend to Lowland breeches? A military expert to whom I put this question expressed the fear that the Highlander in breeches would lose his nerve. Robbed of their historical bareness, his legs might become as unwarlike as Samson's.

shorn of his locks. I wish our commanders in South Africa would try this momentous experiment.

By this time, I imagine, the average Boer is thoroughly enlightened as to the quality of the British soldier. Very young Boers, it is said, were confident before the war that they would have a picnic party to Durban. This is intelligible when you read that in the Boer army there are boys of thirteen. The advantage of this wholesale draft of the Boer male population into the field is that the British superiority will be impressed even upon the youngest. Boys of thirteen will grow up with wholesome recollections of these discussions with Mr. Atkins on the hill-slopes of Natal. There will be no danger of the next Boer generation making the blunder which befell the generation after Majuba. Youthful impetuosity has tempted some Boers to annex bits of Natal and Cape Colony and rechristen them. A Boer commandant who must be nearly thirteen has given his illustrious name to a township which was quite content without this new and rather crude reputation. All this testifies to the skipping spirit, unallayed with cold drops of modesty, that set the Boer mind gaily on this war. Boys of thirteen, who probably describe Joubert in the Dutch equivalent for old Stick-in-the-Mud, were to ride to Cape Town and pull the nose of Sir Alfred Milner. I suspect now that the Boer ultimatum was the inspiration of some prodigy of thirteen summers. Mr. Reitz, the nominal signatory of that document, is, I believe, an old gentleman; but he must have a rather lively nephew who takes a precocious interest in politics.

When these nice little Boer boys have learned their lesson, the political settlement of South Africa ought not to be so difficult and even hopeless a business as it appears to some pessimists. They see the Boers retiring sullenly to their kopjes, refusing autonomy, plotting to recover their independence, and then striking a blow when our Imperial responsibilities are heavily engaged elsewhere. On this it may be remarked that the Boers will never again be able to strike such a blow as they have struck in the present campaign. There will be no more money to buy Krupps. "Long Tom" will have no posterity. There will be no amassing of war material to astonish our Intelligence Department. The Boer will return to the primitive military condition of the farmer with a rifle. In this state his opportunities for organising successful rebellion will scarcely be tempting. As for bitterness, was it ever greater than in the Southern States after the overthrow of the Confederacy? The Northern troops remained in the South for a while, and it was confidently predicted that they would have to remain for ever. When "reconstruction" began, they were withdrawn, because the South had accepted defeat. When the thirteen-year-old grasps the new situation in the Transvaal, he will see the folly of future resistance. There is no reason why the Canadian model of colonial self-government should not be applied to South Africa; and under this the nephews of Mr. Reitz and Mr. Smuts will grow up with some more rational ambition than that of overthrowing the British Empire. The relations of Dr. Leyds may be more troublesome, for to have a papa or an uncle who has hobnobbed with French editors, and persuaded them that the use of lyddite shells by the British is inhuman, though lyddite is only another word for the French mélinite, may turn the heads of a whole Boer family.

In the stimulating little book which Mr. A. B. Walkley calls "Frames of Mind," I find a curious observation on our modern habits. Mr. Walkley is contrasting the shifting fashions of woman's garb with the monotony of masculine attire, and he says it distresses his eye in Regent Street to see a brilliantly dressed woman arm-in-arm with her sombrely accoutred escort. That phenomenon is quite unknown to me, though I have haunted Regent Street these many years. Mr. Walkley has inadvertently strayed into the middle Victorian period when arm-in-arm was the rigid conjugal etiquette. Husbands in peg-top trousers were visibly linked to wives in crinolines and spoon-bonnets. It was perilous to a man's character to be seen walking with a lady in that unattached, go-as-you-please fashion which prevails now. No husband would dream of taking his wife on his arm down Regent Street to-day. We don't advertise our conjugal bonds any more, and the feminine reformer who chafes against the convention which robs a married woman of her identity by forcing her to take her husband's name, would flame into open revolt if compelled to take his arm.

There is a gentleman named Roberts who has been elected to Congress for Utah. This has provoked hostile petitions in other American States, for Mr. Roberts once possessed numerous wives under the old Mormon dispensation. He does not claim them now, but he thinks it his duty to provide for their subsistence. I do not gather that Mr. Roberts proposes to walk up the steps of the Capitol at Washington accompanied by these grateful ladies, and to give his arm in turn to every one of them. As Utah has abandoned polygamy, it is difficult to see why she should not be represented by a Mormon of the old school. Think how his reminiscences will enliven the tedium of debate!

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

The progress of the War during the past week has been strangely interesting from the military student's point of view, if not from that of the general public. The latter may well have been irritated by the comparative lack of up-to-date news regarding the three beleaguered garrisons of Ladysmith, Kimberley, and Mafeking. But those who can thoughtfully appreciate the difficulties which surround not only the commanders of those garrisons, but also, and perhaps more particularly, the General Commanding-in-Chief in South Africa, will have found much to attract them in the gradual development of the situation, and not a little to instruct them in the apparent tardiness with which the events of the campaign are proceeding towards a foregone conclusion.

Turning first to Natal, we have to record an incident of some importance which, unfortunately, was not by any means to our advantage. After the evacuation of Colenso, and the retirement of the garrison to Estcourt, it was clear that the latter was in danger of being subjected to some pressure from the Boers, who had passed round Sir George White's flank and were posted in considerable force to the south of Ladysmith. For about a week after the isolation of Ladysmith there was no sign of any considerable Boer party south of the Tugela River, which, it will be remembered, is crossed near Colenso by a long lattice-girder bridge. On Nov. 12, however, a mounted patrol from Estcourt found a party of Boers busily engaged in the demolition of a culvert near Chieveley, about eight miles south of Colenso. On the approach of the British patrol the Boers retired hastily, even leaving behind them the crowbars with which they had been working. Acting on this information, Brigadier-General Wolfe Murray, who was then in command at Estcourt, sent out on Nov. 15 an armoured train to reconnoitre as far as Chieveley. The party was under command of Captain Haldane, Gordon Highlanders, and consisted of companies of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers and Durban Light Infantry Volunteers, and about ten sailors, in all about 180 men. With the party went Mr. Winston Churchill, late a Lieutenant in the 4th Hussars, and now acting as war-correspondent for the *Morning Post*. The train ran merrily to Chieveley, and was returning, when, about three miles from Frere, a station south of Chieveley, a party of about 1000 Boers, with three guns, appeared and opened fire on the train. A shell struck one of the leading trucks and wrecked it, the engine, which, as is usual with armoured trains, was in the middle, being unable to proceed. The infantry promptly disembarked and advanced in skirmishing order against the enemy, while Mr. Winston Churchill, with the aid of some Volunteers, cleared away the wreckage under fire, and sent the engine speeding on to Estcourt with the bad news and as many wounded as could be carried. The remainder endeavoured vainly to "fight it out," with the inevitable result that over one hundred, including Mr. Winston Churchill, who behaved with conspicuous gallantry, were taken prisoners.

On the arrival of the news of this reverse at Estcourt cavalry were at once sent out to cover the withdrawal of the party, but, owing to lack of artillery, nothing effective could be done, and the incident remained as a point scored against us, largely owing, it is to be feared, to a want of the extreme caution necessary in the use of armoured trains, a modern appliance in which our experience is very limited.

Happily for us, this reverse occurred just at the time when the reinforcements were beginning to come up steadily from Durban. When the Boers attempted to follow up their success by an attack upon Estcourt, they were met by a shell from a long-range naval gun, which effectually damped their ardour and induced a hasty and somewhat undignified withdrawal. Had they proceeded they would have found the garrison, now under the command of Major-General Hildyard, considerably strengthened, and they have since had opportunities of realising that the military situation in this quarter has altogether changed, and that a much larger force than they could possibly muster, without raising the siege of Ladysmith, would be required to stem the advance of the troops which were hurrying up to the relief of Sir George White's gallant and tenacious garrison.

A somewhat similar train of events was followed in Cape Colony in that interesting corner in which the most prominent station is Aliwal North. Here the Rouxville commando, under Commandant Olivier, entered Jamestown, and with much circumstance hoisted the Transvaal and Free State flags. It would be premature to attempt to forecast in detail the future happenings in this direction, but the fact that Sir William Gatacre's Division was beginning to land at East London at this date, and that the General himself and an infantry battalion had already arrived at Queenstown, was pretty sure evidence that the Boer flags would soon have to be ignominiously pulled down.

On the Orange River an even more imposing demonstration of the altered position of affairs has taken place. The exact movements in this quarter have necessarily been kept somewhat dark, but it is known that at the beginning of this week Lord Methuen and the greater part of the brigade of Guards had arrived at the front, and that a column was being actively organised for the relief of Kimberley. The probability is that this column will almost immediately find the Boers either at Modder River or a day's march in advance of it, and that a brisk engagement may take place. In any case the advance of Lord Methuen's force will almost inevitably cause the Boers to raise their investment of "Diamond Town," which seems at no time to have been a close or harassing one.

The latest news from Mafeking stated that on Nov. 6 all was well, and that in several sorties successes had been gained. No further casualties of importance either here or elsewhere have been reported.

PROMINENT OFFICERS AT THE FRONT.

Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Warren, who has been appointed to command the Fifth Division of our Army in South Africa, has had long experience of warfare in that country. He served with great distinction in the wars of 1877-79, and, after achieving further renown in the Egyptian War of 1882, he returned to the Cape and commanded the Bechuanaland Expedition of 1884-85.

Captain Molyneux is Captain and Adjutant of the Natal Carbineers, the force that has won such high commendation from Sir Redvers Buller for smartness and efficiency. Captain Molyneux distinguished himself in South African service during the Basuto and Zulu wars, and the more recent Rhodesian Campaign.

Colonel W. D. Campbell Williams, principal medical officer of the New South Wales military forces, whose portrait appears to-day, set out for South Africa on the steam-ship *Keat*, with six officers and eighty men of the Ambulance Service. Colonel Campbell Williams has had abundant experience for his new duties, for he has been Senior Surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, and he served with the New South Wales Contingent in the Sudan.

Colonel Bloomfield Gough was born in 1851. He served in the Afghan Campaign of 1878-80, and took the command of the 9th Lancers in 1895.

Colonel Arthur J. Watson was born in 1853, served in Bechuanaland in 1884-85, won honourable mention in the Hazara Expedition of 1888, and in 1898 took the command of the 1st Suffolk Regiment, whom he now takes out to the war.

Colonel Augustus William Morris, who goes with Sir Charles Warren as his Assistant Adjutant-General, was born in 1845, served in the Zulu War of 1879, and, two years later, in the Transvaal, where he was severely wounded at Majuba Hill. He became Assistant Adjutant-General of the Eastern District in 1896.

Colonel Edward Robert Prevost Woodgate, C.B., C.M.G., has been appointed to act as Major-General on Staff, in charge of the 9th Brigade of the supplementary division proceeding to South Africa under the command of Sir Charles Warren. Colonel Woodgate, who was born in 1845, has served in Abyssinia, in Ashanti, and once before in South Africa; and he has lately been in command of the troops in Sierra Leone.

PORTRAITS OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Captain the Hon. Douglas Henry Marsham, of the 4th Battalion Bedfordshire Regiment, whose portrait we reproduce, was killed on the last day of last month, during an engagement near Mafeking. "Son of a belted Earl"—the Earl of Romney—he had been serving with the British South African Police, and had done some good work in Bechuanaland. He was not thirty at the time of his lamented death, the news of which was heard with particular regret by her Majesty, both on his own account and on that of his father, who had been in her personal service for over ten years as a Lord-in-Waiting.

In the same fight, near Mafeking, fell Captain Charles Augustus Kerr Pechell, of the 3rd King's Royal Rifle Corps, the second son of Admiral Mark Pechell. We have as yet only the telegraphic report of the encounter received by General Buller from Colonel Baden-Powell. It tells us that the Boers made a gallant assault on Cannon Kopje, at the south-east corner of Mafeking, notwithstanding the hot shell-fire by the British South African Police. Our casualties were six killed and five wounded, and one of the fatal six was Captain Pechell, a brave young officer (he was but thirty) whose high promise will not be forgotten by his comrades, and whose personal qualities will always serve as a memory and an example.

Lieutenant Francis Courtney Nisbet, who was among the wounded prisoners taken at Nicholson's Nek, is the second son of Mr. H. C. Nisbet, of the Old House, Wimbledon. He was born thirty years ago, and belongs to the 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment.

Lieutenant J. B. Gillatt, who was severely wounded at Elandslaagte, belongs to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, but is attached to the Gordon Highlanders. He is twenty-four years of age, and entered the Army when he was twenty-two.

Captain Herbert Montgomerie Campbell, of the Royal Artillery, who was severely wounded by a bullet in the chest at Elandslaagte, is a brother of Major Iingo Montgomerie Campbell, R.A., and a brother-in-law of Major-General Sir Leslie Rundle, R.A., now in command at Dover. Sir Leslie, it will be remembered, has South African war experiences of his own, for he was in command of the Royal Artillery at Potchefstroom when that garrison made the capitulation that was afterwards cancelled. Captain Campbell was born in 1861, and was twenty when he joined the Royal Artillery.

Lieutenant Frank Bevan, of the Northumberland Fusiliers—severely wounded in the battle of Belmont, where Colonel Keith-Falconer fell—was born in 1874, and obtained his Lieutenancy in 1896.

To the particulars given a fortnight ago of Lieutenant Charles G. Muoro, who lost his life at Elandslaagte, we may add that he obtained his commission in the 2nd Gordon Highlanders in 1892, so that he had served in the Army, when he met his death, for a period of seven years.

His Excellency Sir Chilchao Lo Feng Lugh, C.C.V.O., the Chinese Minister in London, during his stay at Sheffield last week paid a visit to the Royal Works (Norfolk Street) of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, and inspected in detail the various processes involved in the manufacture of that firm's celebrated "Prince's Plate" and sterling silver goods. His Excellency expressed himself highly pleased, and displayed much interest in the explanations offered by the firm's managing director in Sheffield.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Mr. Winston Churchill is a prisoner with the Boers, and is understood to have been wounded in the hand. The exact nature of the wound is not known, but there are strong hopes that no really serious harm has happened to him. To his coolness and pluck is largely due the escape of the engine and tender of the armoured train that fell into a Boer ambush. He might have escaped also, but he alighted from the engine and returned to look after the wounded. The position of a war correspondent who takes an active part in a fight is technically peculiar; but the Boers are not likely to regard Mr. Churchill with any ill-will. They have already shown in a very marked way their appreciation of the courage of their adversaries. Mr. Churchill has had a remarkable career for a young man of only five-and-twenty. As everybody knows, he is a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill and a first cousin of the Duke of Marlborough. But Mr. Churchill has not been content to rest satisfied with merely family honours. He has already fought in four campaigns—in Cuba, Tirah, Malakand, and the Sudan. He charged with poor Hubert Howard in the ranks of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman. And in the intervals of his adventurous life he has found time to write the best book on the Sudan Campaign of Lord Kitchener, "The River War," and to fight a stiff battle for the Parliamentary representation of Oldham. He was acting as Special Correspondent of the *Morning Post* when taken prisoner after his brave action.

The agitation against divorce on the part of the American Churches is going on, but, so far as one can see, it is curiously half-hearted. Even religious sentiment in America seems much more tolerant of divorce than we find it in England.

So many inaccurate paragraphs have been circulated concerning the amalgamation of the great Scotch and English calico-printers, that it may be well to state that of the total share and debenture capital—namely, £6,000,000 in shares and £4,500,000 in mortgage debenture stock—not more than £8,000,000 will be issued at present.

"The Marlborough Association" is the title given to a society formed by the London staff of Waring and Gillow, Limited. Most great commercial houses have similar organisations, the objects of which are to promote social intercourse among the members, and to contribute to their intellectual and physical well-being. Clubs for cricket, football, music, theatricals, and debates form part of the "Marlborough" programme, and dances and smoking concerts are not forgotten. The position of president has been accepted by Mr. S. J. Waring, junior, one of the most popular of employers, and he made his first appearance in that capacity at a lecture delivered on Nov. 16 by a member of the staff. In his inductive speech, Mr. Waring dwelt upon the advantages of such a society to the members of the staff, and gave very clear expression to the desire of the directors to encourage the new institution. In direct and earnest words he described the qualities which in a commercial house commanded success, and gave his auditors sound practical advice concerning the employment of their leisure time. His remarks were listened to with the deepest interest, and at the close of the proceedings he was thanked very warmly.

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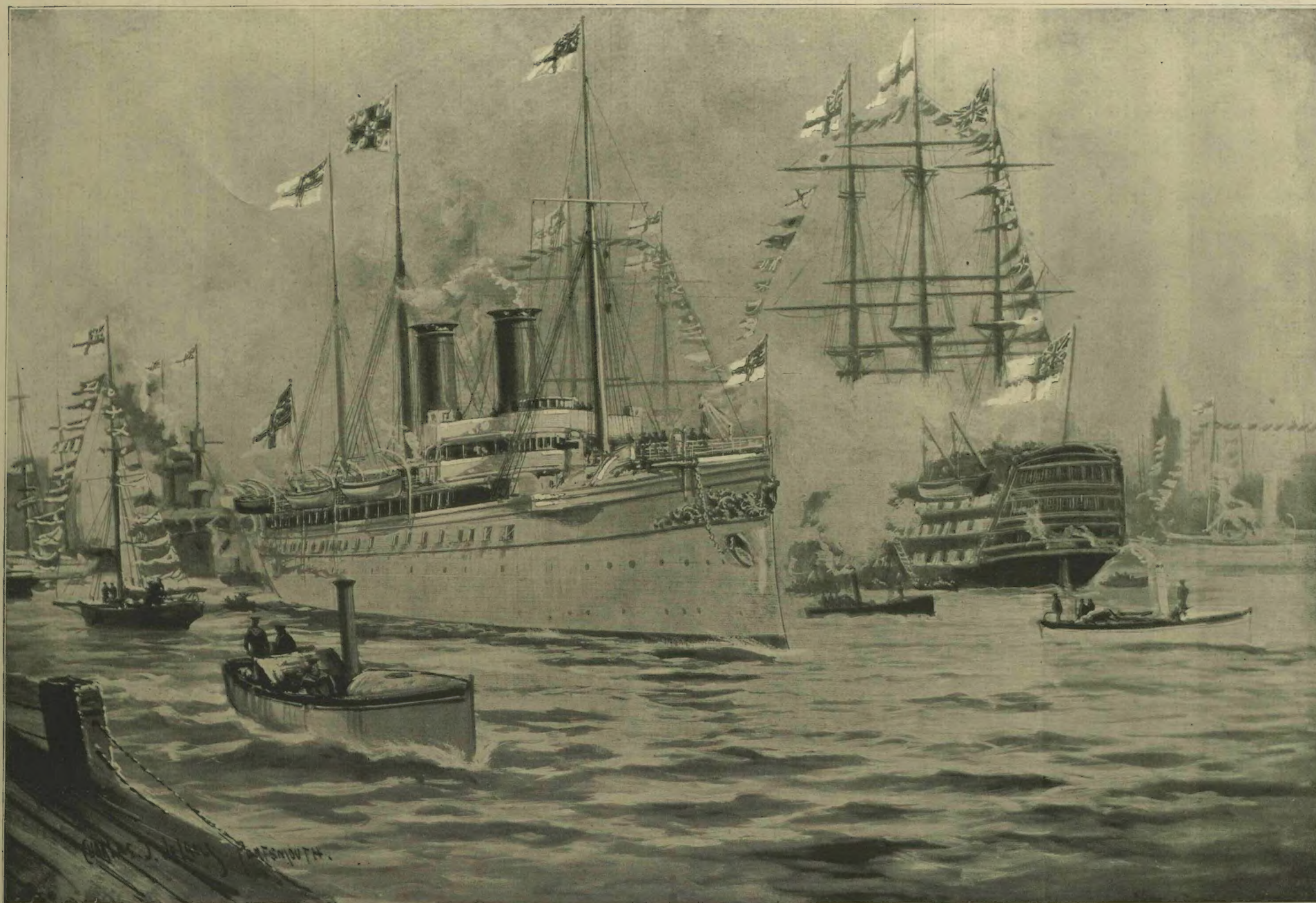
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THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.—ARRIVAL OF THE "HOHENZOLLERN" IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR: NELSON'S FLAG-SHIP "VICTORY" SALUTING THE EMPEROR.



THE VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR: RECEPTION OF HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AT WINDSOR.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE.

(Founded on Mr. Lynch's Despatches.)

In addition to the sketches by Mr. Melton Prior and the photographs by Mr. George Lynch, we have received from the latter a vivid account of the battle of Elandslaagte, which, it will be remembered, was fought by a force under General French on Oct. 21, the day after the battle of Dundee. Elandslaagte is about sixteen miles out from Ladysmith, and a body of Boers nearly 1000 strong had made their way here over the Biggarsberg range with a view to severing the communication between Ladysmith and the advanced camp near Glencoe. In the early morning of Oct. 21 the Imperial Light Horse and a battery of Natal Artillery had gone towards Elandslaagte with a view to reconnoitring the Boer position. When at daybreak our correspondent arrived at Modder's Spruit, a little artillery duel was in progress between the Natal artillery and the Boer guns, but the fire of the former was quite ineffectual against that of their opponents, who made such excellent practice that it became necessary to retire and telephone to Ladysmith for reinforcements, as illustrated in Mr. Melton Prior's sketch. About half-past eleven two squadrons of cavalry and a battery of artillery arrived, and shortly afterwards other reinforcements, until eventually the entire force consisted of the 5th Lancers, the 5th Dragoon Guards, the Imperial Light Horse, two field batteries, the Devonshire Regiment, half a battalion of the Manchesters, and half a battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. The action commenced in earnest about two o'clock, our artillery making splendid practice against the Boer position, and the enemy responding with much vigour and accuracy until silenced. Meanwhile the Devons were quietly getting forward for the front attack. The cavalry had swung out on our extreme right, and the Manchesters and Gordons were working up to a ridge which lay in front of the enemy's right flank, with the intention of turning the position. The Boers changed their artillery fire from time to time, directing it first at our artillery, then at the Devons as they advanced or as they lay down in the last few hundred yards of yield, and finally sending a few shells into a body of cavalry, presumably the Imperial Light Horse, which was on our extreme left.

Our Correspondent gives a graphic description of the Devons steadily advancing and seeking cover from time to time behind the ant-hills in the line of their advance. On our right, he adds, was the level sky-lined hill ending in a round, precipitous point on which the Boer guns were stationed. Under that heavy hanging bank of cloud, yet just behind it, a clear steel-like light was showing. Against this, upon the top of the hill, silhouetted with most delicately accurate sharpness, were the figures of the Manchesters. The Gordons were in the same line over the rounded top of the hill, and as the infantry advance continued, the fire became hotter and hotter, until it rose in a crescendo of hissing vehemence as the supreme climax of the struggle was reached.

At a quarter to six rapid movements could be seen on the top of the hill among the Boers, many of whom were commencing a headlong retreat. Amid a perfect roar of musketry, the bugles sounded the final charge, and forward—rattling, stumbling, falling over the rocks, cheering, swearing, forward anyhow—went Gordons, Manchesters, and Devons in a breathless climb until the top of the hill was reached and the position won. As the Boers fled through the darkness, the 5th Lancers and the 5th Dragoon Guards charged through and through them in spite of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. While the pursuit was being carried on our infantry busied themselves in ministering to the Boer wounded, and our correspondent draws a touching picture of the humanity displayed by Thomas Atkins on this momentous occasion. In his graphic narrative he says: "The Dragoons chased them past a Red Cross tent, where a man was waving a Red Cross flag. They respected those gathered about the tent, but one ruffian, waiting until they came abreast, shot point-blank at a private. As he fell dead from the saddle Captain Derbyshire rode at his slayer and shot him dead with his revolver. The ground was broken veldt with patches of outcropping stones, which, added to the fading light, made it terrible ground for charging over. Already Tommy, on top of the hill and down its sides, was groping for the wounded. Tommy had behaved magnificently throughout the long fight, and now Tommy was finishing the day by behaving well to the Boer wounded. A rug here and a drink there, and later on the best place near the camp fire. In the previous five hours, Tommy's respect for the enemy had risen enormously; now he was treating his wounded with a rough but genuine kindness positively chivalrous. One might write for days upon the incidents of this glorious day, into which the events of a stirring lifetime seem crowded. Our artillery got a good chance and showed up magnificently. The dauntless bravery of English officers we seem to take for granted as a national heritage, but in something stronger than admiration—in positive love—my heart goes out to Tommy Atkins—sweating, swearing, grimy, dirty, fearless, and generous. Tommy is a bit of all right."

Major-General Sir George White was a spectator of the attack, although, with characteristic generosity, he declined

to interfere in any way with General French's conduct of the operations. A sketch by Mr. Melton Prior shows him looking on at the battle with the shells bursting near him. Other sketches illustrate incidents of the attack and the pursuit, notably the moment when in one grand rush the Gordons, Devons, and Manchesters carried the Boer position, and the charge of the 5th Lancers among the retreating enemy. Various details leading up to the fight are also pictorially recorded in this number, as well as its tragic sequel—namely, the picking up of the wounded, an operation which was necessarily deferred, by reason of the gathering darkness, until many poor fellows had lain hours on the wet hillside in terrible agony.

OTHER WAR PICTURES.

Besides our vivid representations of the combat at Elandslaagte, we publish other interesting scenes photographed by Mr. Lynch illustrating the campaign. Many of these bring home to us forcibly the minor incidents of warfare: the weariness of protracted duty, as exemplified by the picture of the Gordons resting; the constant trials of temper and strength, such as that shown in our picture, "Transport in Trouble."

Then we have the Indian Ambulance with their bearers, suggestive of Kipling's immortal "Gunga Din," and the hospital scene, which commends to our sympathy the brave fellows who are sacrificing

upon the old pattern, but, nevertheless, it retains the same distinctive features. It is a short weapon, less, in the case of the Howitzer batteries for ordinary field service, than 4 ft. long, as against 7 ft., which is the length of the 15-pounder. It has a calibre of 5 in., a weight of 1066 odd pounds, and fires a shell weighing nearly 50 lb., filled with lyddite, the destructive effects of which have been demonstrated both in the present campaign and in the advance on Omdurman.

DEATH OF LADY SALISBURY.

The greatest sympathy is felt for Lord Salisbury in his present bereavement—a bereavement that has happened at a time when he is already harassed by the labour involved in guiding the country through a serious war. It has been known for some years that Lady Salisbury was in very delicate health. This year she was able to pay her usual visit to Beaulieu, but on her return she was so ill that she went to enjoy the sea air at Walmer Castle, the official residence of her husband as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. At that time the public anxiety about her health was so great that daily bulletins had to be issued. She recovered slightly on her return to Hatfield, but her family knew all along that death was inevitable. The blow to Lord Salisbury is all the greater inasmuch as Lady Salisbury was not merely his Marchioness, but in every sense of the word his true wife and helpmeet. Although she was

the daughter of Baron Alderson, a famous Judge, and of a family celebrated in law and literature (she was a cousin of Mrs. Opie, the poet), nevertheless the late Lord Salisbury thought her no match for his son. The present Marquis was then Lord Robert Cecil, a younger son, with no prospect of the peerage. He married Miss Alderson against the wishes of his father, who retaliated by refusing an additional allowance. The young M.P. supported himself and his wife by writing for the Press. However, eight years later, by the sudden death of his brother, Lord Robert Cecil became Lord Cranborne and heir to the peerage. Since then the late Lady Salisbury helped her husband in his high position, as she had helped him in his lowly, with absolute wifely devotion.

QUEEN'S VISIT TO BRISTOL.

The Queen, in her reply to the address of welcome presented to her last week at Bristol, recalled the fact that seventy years ago, in the company of her mother, she had visited the "ancient city, so rich in associations with history, and with my colonies over the sea." In the interval, Bristol has developed in size, in population, in wealth, and in the number of its charitable institutions—one of which, the Convalescent Home, built in honour of the Diamond Jubilee, her Majesty was there to open. Shouts of "Good old Sir Herbert!" rent the air as the Lord Mayor, who knelt down as Mr. Herbert Ashman, rose from his knees a Knight, after Sir Arthur Bigge's drawn sword had been handed by the Duke of Connaught to the Queen, who allowed it to rest for a moment on the worthy citizen's shoulder. Another little episode was that of which Mr. Maby was the hero. A little old gentleman, escorted by a policeman, was seen approaching the carriage of the Queen, who summoned him to her side on hearing that he had played the cornet—the very cornet he still held in his hand—on the occasion of Princess Victoria's visit to the city in 1820. Yet another pretty spectacle was seen when the daughter of the President of the Home, Mr. Edward Payson Wills (who has since been the recipient of a Knighthood of the Bath), attired in white, approached the Queen and presented her with a large bunch of roses

and lilies. Then a plate, with an electric button in the centre, was handed to her Majesty, who pressed the button. Thereupon, to the accompaniment of a blare of trumpets, the doors of the Home flew open. The deed of the day was then done, and after some last words to Sir E. P. Wills—"It is a beautiful building and a noble Home"—the Queen drove to the station between lines of enthusiastic sight-seers, and was back again at Windsor at twenty minutes to seven.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT.

Early on Monday morning the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern* arrived at Portsmouth, with the German Emperor and Empress, and Prince August Wilhelm and Prince Victor on board. A flotilla of torpedo-boats and an imposing fleet of battle-ships, all flying the German flag, awaited the imperial visitor. The Emperor waved his hand to the Duke of Connaught as he drew near the quay, and then personally superintended the mooring of his yacht. The Duke of Connaught went on board the yacht, shook the Emperor warmly by the hand, and then, advancing bare-headed, kissed the hand of the Empress. At Windsor Station the Imperial visitors were received by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other members of the royal family. Windsor, like Portsmouth, was splendidly adorned with English and German flags intertwined. The Emperor kissed the Prince of Wales on both cheeks, kissed the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Connaught, and Prince Henry. Then, turning again to the Prince of Wales, he said, "Come, let me introduce my two boys." At Windsor Castle the Emperor and Empress alighted under the arch of the Sovereign's Tower, where they were received by the Queen.



THE LATE MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

life and limb at the front. Some idea of the fatigues of General Yule's forced march from Dundee may be gathered from the pictures of our gallant troops fording a stream knee-deep in the water. This march, we now learn, was made on such rough sustenance as biscuit, salt beef, and muddy water, and many men dropped out of the ranks dead asleep. Another side of the war is exemplified by the pictures of artillery practice and its consequence, the escort of Boer prisoners into Ladysmith.

Our two views of the camp of the Devonshire Regiment give a good idea of how our soldiers are accommodated in the tented field. The camp occupies a picturesque situation at Ladysmith.

HOWITZER BATTERIES.

The Howitzer Battery is an interesting illustration of the fact that the general principles of warfare remain much the same whatever may be the modification in regard to details which is brought about by latter-day requirements. The modern field-gun is, for its size and weight, the most beautiful weapon conceivable, and its real deadliness, quite apart from that moral effect which used to be the leading characteristic of artillery, has been proved in a hundred modern instances. But there are many cases in which long range and accuracy, and power of dealing destruction among large masses of men, are not of such paramount importance as that of producing what may be termed a shattering and, at the same time, a scattering effect. It is here that the usefulness of the Howitzer, a weapon of large calibre, capable of carrying a massive shell charged with a modern high explosive, comes in. Of course, the up-to-date Howitzer is an improvement

PERSONAL.

A tin of chocolate for every British soldier and sailor in South Africa as a present from the Queen is a pretty large order. There will be 100,000 tins and 50,000 lb. of chocolate. Tommy Atkins may either eat his chocolate as a sweetmeat or drink it as a beverage. Either way it is good campaigning provender. When it is consumed, the tin will remain as an ornamental memento. Years and years hence those tins will be valuable relics.

The Rev. J. M. Bacon went up two miles in a balloon to look for the Leonids, but they would not shoot even for Mr. Bacon. They are reported to have given a private exhibition to some American astronomers, but the report is discredited. Perhaps Mr. Kruger saw them. He is very watchful for celestial manifestations just now, and his eyesight must be preternaturally keen.

Surgeon-Captain R. A. Buntine, who is mentioned in despatches by last mail for conspicuous bravery in the field



Photo. Sierwood, Durban.
SURGEON-CAPTAIN BUNTINE.

at Bester's, near Van Reenen's Pass, beneath the Drakensberg, is an Australian, born in Melbourne. He was educated at the Scotch College in his native city, and afterwards at the University of Melbourne. Dr. Buntine is in civil practice in Pietermaritzburg. When Natal called out her Volunteers, Dr. Buntine and his partner, Dr. Currie, at once set off for the front, the one with the Carbineers, the other with the Rifles; but Dr. Buntine was almost immediately sent for to help the Royal Army Medical Corps at headquarters at Ladysmith. The Carbineers were given the honourable and onerous duty of patrolling the Free State border, and Dr. Buntine was out with them when they had the brush with the Boers at Bester's, just under the Drakensberg, towering 10,000 feet above them. The Carbineers were compelled to retire, and a trooper who was wounded had to be left where he fell. Dr. Buntine, however, rode back, accompanied by his trooper-servant, Duke, placed the severely wounded man on his own horse, and then, holding to the stirrup-leather of his servant's horse, ran into camp.

It will be news to most people to learn that the "Sentimental Tommy" of Mr. Barrie's famous novel was, to some extent, modelled on the late R. L. Stevenson. Tommy's passion for getting the "richt wurr'd" in that well-known essay of his was suggested by Mr. Stevenson's passion for style. But as some of us have suspected, Tommy is meant by the author to turn out badly in the sequel, so Mr. Barrie was careful to explain to Stevenson "that Tommy, after he grew up, was no longer R. L. S." R. L. S. affected to be mightily concerned over the fate that awaited him in Mr. Barrie's pages. "What have you done wi' me?" he wrote anxiously. "It's surely no forgery? Am I hangit?"

By the death of Mr. Charles Eason, chairman of the well-known Dublin publishing firm of Eason and Son,



Photo. Farber, Dublin.
THE LATE MR. CHARLES EASON.

there has passed away one of the most prominent and respected figures in the commercial life of Ireland. "The Irish Smith" was the title by which he had long been popularly known, and aptly so, for Eason and Son occupy a position in their own country as unique, in its way, as that held by the celebrated W. H. Smith and Son in England. Nor does the accuracy of the description end there, as for many years previous to taking over the business himself Mr. Eason was really the Irish representative of Messrs. Smith. Indeed, it was with them that he first gained his wonderful knowledge of the publishing and bookselling business. Joining their Dublin staff as a young man in 1854, he quickly established his reputation as a keen and enterprising business man, and under his management the Irish branch of the business developed to quite a remarkable extent. Ultimately, in 1886, Mr. Eason took it over from Messrs. Smith altogether, since which time it has borne his name. He was a man of really marvellous energy, and this, combined with an exceptional natural business ability and a ready grasp of detail, placed him among the very foremost of commercial lights of Ireland. Personally, he had earned for himself the respect of his fellow citizens in a degree enjoyed by few. During his long career his name was ever associated with works of public utility and charity, and by none will his death be more generally mourned than by the poor of Dublin.

It was a happy thought of the *Poll Mall Gazette* to inaugurate a fund for brightening the Christmas of the prisoners at Pretoria; and it is a pity it could not be carried out for their benefit. Although we believe that the Boer Government will not treat the prisoners with inhumanity, still, their resources must be more than strained, and we may, at least, hope that they will favour the overtures of those at home who wish to send out necessities and a few luxuries to the captives. Among the prisoners of the 1st Gloucester Regiment is Major



Photo. Winter, Pretoria.
MAJOR W. R. P. WALLACE,
1st Gloucestershire Regiment (Prisoner).

W. R. P. Wallace, whose portrait we give. Major Wallace is thirty-nine years of age, and has served in India and in Egypt. For the Dongola Campaign he was mentioned in despatches, and received the fourth clasp of the Osmanieh.

The well-known Bishop Tugwell is about to enter Haussaland, a country of fifteen million inhabitants that has never been effectively touched by our missionaries. The Haussas are a brave, hardy, and intelligent people; still, they will leave the missionaries to do most of their manual labour for themselves. From that point of view Bishop Tugwell's name seems to be almost prophetic.

Lieutenant Frederick Neil Le Mesurier, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who is one of the prisoners in Pretoria, was born in 1875. It so happens that his father, Colonel



Photo. Debenham, Southsea.
LIEUTENANT LE MESURIER,
Royal Dublin Fusiliers (Prisoner).

Frederick Augustus Le Mesurier, C.B., was besieged by the Boers in Pretoria, where he was Inspector of Army Signalling, in 1880-81. Major Le Mesurier, as he then was, at a meeting of British inhabitants summoned by Sir Owen Lanyon, British Resident, proposed the scheme of defence which was successfully carried out. Lieutenant Le Mesurier's father bore a distinguished part in the last Boer War, commanding the garrison of the Tronk laager. He took part in the attacks which the garrison made on the chain of Boer laagers which surrounded the Tronk, and the riflemen whom he trained kept the enemy off. He was mentioned in despatches, and decorated.

Dr. Clark is in the same boat with Mr. Maclean. Both have been asked by their political supporters to resign their seats. Caithness does not want to be represented by Dr. Clark, nor Cardiff by Mr. Maclean. The case of Dr. Clark is the more significant of the two, because Caithness is a typical Scotch Radical constituency, and if the Scotch Radicals do not share Dr. Clark's childlike faith in Mr. Kruger's policy and Mr. Kruger's religious virtues, these gifts and graces have very little chance of appreciation anywhere.

Another of our captive officers at Pretoria is Major Frederick H. Munn, of the 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers, of



Photo. Vandyk.
MAJOR F. H. MUNN,
1st Royal Irish Fusiliers (Prisoner).

which regiment he is second in command. Major Munn, who was born in 1857, attained his present rank in the Army just eleven years ago. He was stationed in Egypt in 1896, and had served with distinction in the Egyptian War of 1884. His decorations for services in that campaign include the medal with clasp and the Bronze Star. Rumours still conflict as to the unfortunate surrender at Nicholson's Nek, and Father Matthews' story is, to say the least, disquieting. The wisest course, however, will be to suspend judgment until the gallant but unfortunate officers of the Gloucesters and the Irish Fusiliers come to tell their story before the proper tribunal.

It is said that the spectators at the reception of the German Imperial party at Windsor Station wasted quite a deal of sympathy on the two little Princes. "Pore little fellers!" said one. "Pore little chaps! I reckons they're glad to get over to Old England." Whether he thought they weren't properly fed in Germany, or whether he was saddened by thinking of the many political cares that awaited them in manhood, the sympathiser did not condescend to explain; but, at any rate, his heart was sore for them. Poor man, there was no need for his melancholy. Anyone who saw the two laughing boyish faces that appeared at the window when the Guards' band began to play must have realised that the German Princes didn't suffer from any lack of merriment and high spirits. They have been brought up under very strict discipline, but the Emperor is not the man to neglect that recreation without which Jack is a dull boy.

From Mafeking comes the report of an unexpected fatality—the accidental shooting of Mr. E. G. Parslow, the

special correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. The news reached London a fortnight after the occurrence, and all it recorded was that a pistol in the hand of a local officer had gone off in the public square, the bullet passing through Mr. Parslow's brain and killing him on the spot. A Cape man himself, he had a thorough knowledge of the country, and his enterprise at Mafeking, whence he had despatched a long message only the day before his death, had placed him in the front rank of beleaguered correspondents.



THE LATE MR. E. G. PARSLAW,
Daily Chronicle Correspondent.

The War Office must regard Captain Percy Scott, of the *Terrible*, with mixed feelings. He is declared by the *Times* to be the saviour of Ladysmith. But for his inventive genius, the heavy naval guns would have had no carriages for land service, and but for those guns, Sir George White would have been crushed by the Boer artillery. Apparently, even in a land campaign, we are dependent on the Navy, and when the *Times* asks why Ladysmith was not provided with long-range guns by the military authorities who forced Sir George White to make his stand there, it is not easy to guess what the War Office will have to say.

M. Déroulède has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for insulting President Loubet. The offence was committed in the course of one of M. Déroulède's interminable speeches before the Senate. It is curious that M. Déroulède's characteristic vituperation should have been taken seriously on this occasion, for the insults to M. Loubet have been many and gross. He was insulted to his face by M. Déroulède on the very day of his election at Versailles. If M. Déroulède goes to prison for such an outrage, he ought to be accompanied by half the journalists in Paris.

Dr. Henry Hicks, who died at Hendon on Nov. 18, was distinguished as a geologist. He was the son of the late Mr. Thomas Hicks, surgeon, and was born in 1837 at St. David's, where he received his early education at the Collegiate and Chapter School. He afterwards proceeded to Guy's Hospital, and there studied medicine, becoming a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1862. In the same year he returned to his native town and began to practice. In 1878 he graduated M.D. at the University of St. Andrews, and in 1885 was elected Fellow of the Royal Society of London. Since 1871 he has resided at Hendon, where he practised chiefly as a specialist in mental diseases. Geology was his hobby, and he contributed many papers to the publications which specialise on that subject. In 1883 the Geological Society awarded him the Begsby Gold Medal for "work of great merit." He took an active interest in the work of the British Association.

Dear Old Ireland! She is always sending us something equally ludicrous and pathetic. At Borrisokane Workhouse there were three paupers whose fighting days might have been thought to be over. But an Irishman's fighting days are never over. So still in the ashes of our paupers there lived their wonted fires. But, alas! they differed in opinions. Some were for Briton, some were for Boer, and so the sounds of war in Borrisokane Workhouse waxed loud and shrill. Troth, they must finish this argument. They did. They finished it off by finishing off themselves. The Borrisokane Coroner is now holding an inquest on three corpses.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. H. HICKS.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



DIFFICULTIES OF FIELD SERVICE; TRANSPORT IN TROUBLE.



GORDON HIGHLANDERS RESTING AFTER FIFTY-SIX HOURS OF PICKET DUTY.

Some of the men have covered their knees with clothes to keep out the cold and wet.



The Rev. Richard Glover. Lady Somerset. Lord Somerset. Sir M. Hicks Beach.
 The Lady Mayoress. The Duchess of Beaufort. Bishop of Bristol. Sir E. P. Wills. Miss Violet Wills. The Lord Mayor. The Lord Chamberlain. Sir M. White Ridley.
 The Duke of Connaught. Princess Beatrice. The Queen. Princess Christian.

THE QUEEN OPENING THE BRISTOL CONVALESCENT HOME: MISS VIOLET WILLS, DAUGHTER OF SIR E. P. WILLS, PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION, PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO HER MAJESTY.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.



CAPTAIN H. M. CAMPBELL
(21st Battery Field Artillery).



THE LATE CAPTAIN THE HON. D. H. MARSHAM
(4th Bedfordshire Regiment).



THE LATE CAPTAIN C. A. K. PECELL
(King's Royal Rifles).



LIEUTENANT F. BRYAN
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



LIEUTENANT F. C. NISBET
(1st Gloucestershire Regiment, Wounded Prisoner).



LIEUTENANT J. B. GILLATT
(Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).



MR. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.
(Correspondent).

PORTRAITS OF KILLED AND WOUNDED.



AMBULANCE WAGONS ON THE WAY TO ELANDSLAAGTE.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT



THE NAVAL BRIGADE PASSING THROUGH LADYSMITH.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE: GENERAL ADVANCE ON THE BOER POSITION.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Milton Prior.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



ON THE ROAD TO ELANDSLAAGTE ON THE DAY OF THE BATTLE.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.



COLONEL B. GOUGH
(9th Lancers)



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN
(Commanding the 5th Division).



COLONEL E. R. P. WOODGATE
(Commanding 9th Brigade, 5th Division).



COLONEL W. D. CAMPBELL WILLIAMS
Principal Medical Officer, N. S. W. Contingent).



COLONEL A. J. WATSON
(1st Suffolk Regiment).



COLONEL A. W. MORRIS
(Assistant Adjutant-General to Sir C. Warren).



CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX

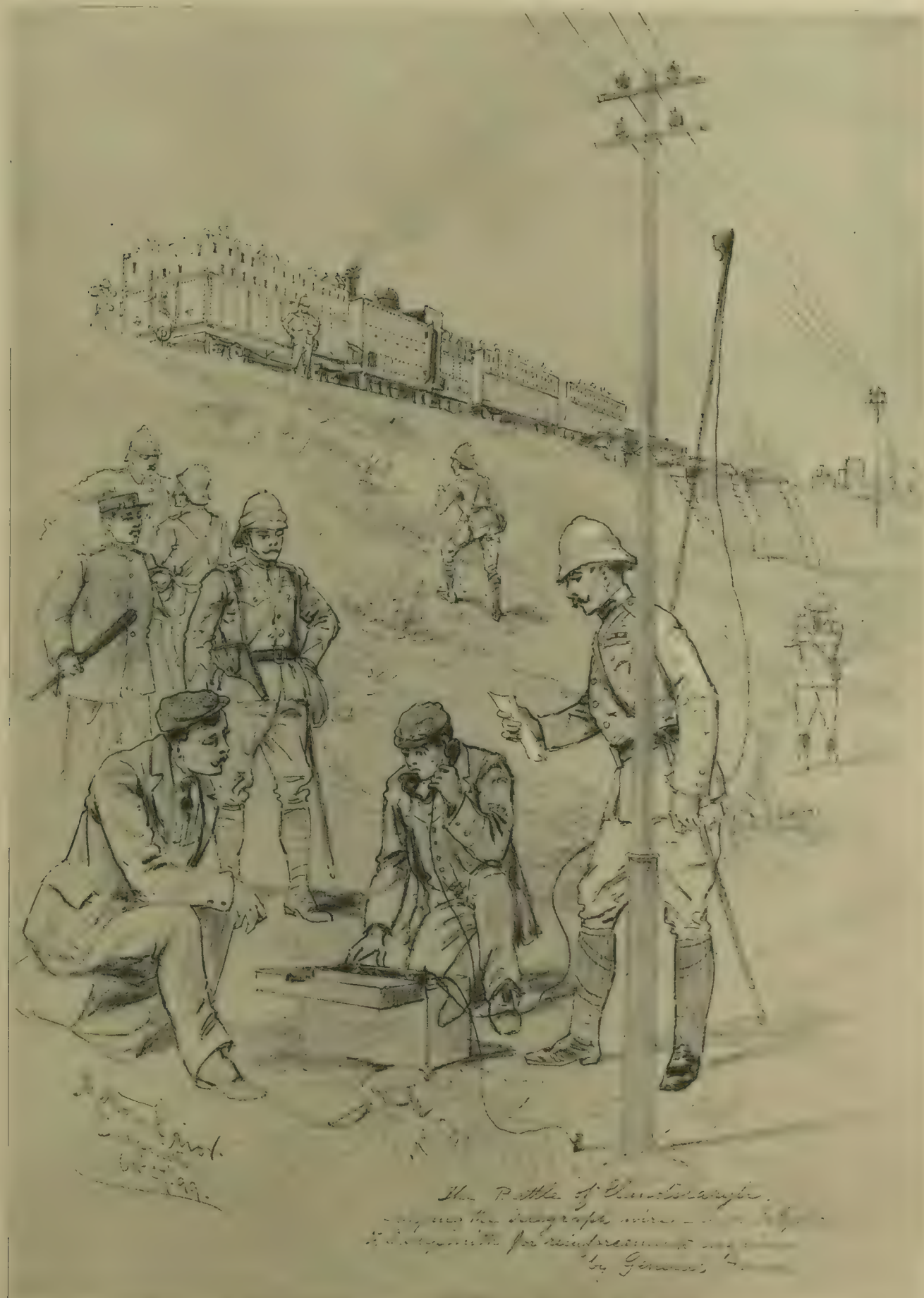
PROMINENT OFFICERS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.



MOUNTAIN BATTERY PASSING THROUGH LADYSMITH ON THE WAY TO ELANDSLAAGTE.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.



*The Battle of Elandslaagte.
Tapping the telegraph wire for reinforcements
by General French.*

THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE: TAPPING THE TELEGRAPH WIRE AND TELEPHONING TO LADYSMITH FOR REINFORCEMENTS REQUIRED BY GENERAL FRENCH.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

On the armoured train arriving near the field of battle, General French sent a message to the Telegraphists (who were on the train) to be forwarded to Ladysmith, asking for reinforcements. A small instrument at the top of a pole clips the telegraph wire, from which another wire passes through a telephone instrument into the ground, thus completing the circuit and establishing communication.—EXTRACT FROM MR. MELTON PRIOR'S LETTER.

The telegraph wire was tapped, and the General communicated with headquarters, Ladysmith, with the result that we learned that we were to be reinforced by two regiments of British cavalry, two field batteries, and two and a half battalions of infantry, the latter to arrive by train. On receiving this information General French withdrew the whole force to the vicinity of Modders Spruit.—THE "TIMES" SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Six Boer artillerymen fell around this gun.

Two guns taken from Jameson at Doornkop, 1896, now recaptured.

Boers making last stand behind rocks: others in retreat.

Devons.

Manchesters.

Gordons.



Melton P. Prior
Ladysmith
Oct 24th 99

Battle of Elandslaagte.
Devon Manchesters & Gordon Regiments
Charging the Guns.

THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE: THE DEVONS, MANCHESTERS, AND GORDONS CHARGING THE BOER GUNS.

FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

General French himself led the final assault on the Boer position, and is depicted just above the wounded Boer near centre of sketch.

Illustrations of the Second Great
Battle near Ladysmith, on Oct. 24,
will be given in Next Week's Number.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND A MORAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Dr. Moritz Busch, "Bismarck's Boswell," as he was called, died last week, and although neither he nor his idol has anything to do with this paper, there occurred to my mind a sentence of the late Chancellor, as recorded by his deceased biographer, which accurately describes not only the present feeling of the French with regard to England, but their unalterable feeling with regard to any and every nation which happens to achieve something remarkable. The sentence occurs in "Bismarck und seine Leute." "When the conversation turned on mythology, he (the Chancellor) said that he never could bear Apollo." He had flayed Marsyas from conceit and envy, and for the same reasons had killed Niobe's children. "He is," he went on, "the very type of a Frenchman; i.e., one who cannot bear that another should play the flute as well as or better than he."

If a whole number of *The Illustrated London News* were placed at my disposal, I could not treat the subject of Frenchmen's vanity more relevantly than it was summed up in Bismarck's few lines. And let it not be thought that the great statesman yielded to a momentary impulse for saying something smart at the dinner-table when he uttered the words. He was in sober earnest, and he amplified his theme at midnight on Sept. 1, 1870, when Generals de Wimpfen, Castelnaud, and Reille came to treat about the surrender of Sedan. I cannot quote the whole of Bismarck's remarks; a few sentences must suffice: "You were unable to bear by your side a nation as strong as yourselves; you were unable to forgive us our victory at Sedan, where neither your interests nor your glory were at stake. . . . You are a nation irritable, envious, jealous, and proud to excess. . . ."

At the moment of writing, England has no victory like that of Sedan to chronicle; but amidst the irrepressible ill-will expressed on all sides in France against her, one cannot help asking one's self in what manner such a triumph could damage French interests in South Africa? As it is, even England's dignity face to face with initial reverses is accounted a grievance in Paris. Assuredly, Bismarck was right in comparing the French to the son of Jupiter and Latona.

To a journalist like myself, well advanced on the road of life, "recollections" necessarily constitute a considerable item of his journalistic baggage, and he is almost instinctively inclined now and again to review that baggage. The agitation of to-day against England reminds me of the agitation against Prussia a third of a century ago. Then, as now, there was, if not a real, at any rate an openly professed feeling that France could not tamely sit down and let another nation reap the moral prestige of her superiority in warfare. Then as now, a forthcoming Exhibition was the alleged obstacle to France's delay in contesting that superiority. The late General Flourens asserted that it was not the non-readiness of the army to enter the field that delayed the day of reckoning with Prussia, but that "demmed Exposition" ("cette Exposition damnée"). "France has been sacrificed once more for Paris, for Paris cannot afford to have her preparations for the orgies that will put money into her pocket next year interfered with by a war," he said.

A similar sentence has been heard, not once, but a hundred times during the last fortnight throughout the length and breadth of the capital, if not of the country at large. It is idle to pretend that the words proceed only from journalists and ill-informed persons. The whole nation shares the sentiment implied by those words. "We are well aware," said Bismarck, on the occasion to which I just now referred, "that it was not the army which was most hostile to us; but the part of France which clamoured for war is the very party which makes and undoes Governments." The careful observer to-day could not use the reservation of the Chancellor; the army is just as anxious to "invade England"—for the project stops at nothing less—as the rest of the nation. "It's only that demmed Exhibition" which frustrates our designs," they say.

The army and the people—patricians as well as plebeians—appear to forget that if France has any superiority left, it is just in the direction of literally playing the flute for other nations to dance to. Though it is early, it is safe to predict that the "World's Fair" of 1900 in Paris will be the greatest "jamboree" ever witnessed by civilisation. Not only are the preparations well advanced, but the rehearsals on the part of the guileless inhabitants of the "Beacon City" have already begun. As, of course, the rehearsals are conducted with the shabbiest furniture the managers can lay their hands on, the best furniture and hangings at many of the hotels having gone to the cleaners and upholsterers to be done up, a visitor, unless he be well known and suspected of a tendency to "kick," is almost sure to be relegated to a very bare room on an upper floor; and if for such a perch he is simply charged ordinary prices, he, the visitor, ought to consider himself lucky.

That also reminds me of previous proceedings. Next February it will be a decade that I was in Paris with a friend. The Parisian shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, and restaurateurs were then rehearsing for the Exhibition of '89; and, as my friend had it, "lest they should not be letter-perfect in their dialogue when the curtain rose, they kept repeating to the foreigner, 'Everything, Monsieur, is already thrice as dear as it used to be, and we do not know what the consequences will be.' To which my friend replied, 'For the present we'll not stop here or dine here. We'll come back this time next year when prices are down.' But he did not keep his word. He went to the Exhibition and spent his money lavishly; for he, like thousands, was and is of opinion that when it comes to dance-tunes and love-ditties and drinking-songs, the French play the flute better than any nation. "Why," he asks, "cannot they be satisfied with that superiority, and leave off hankering after a superiority in blaring 'war strains'?"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SHERBORN.—The solution is the author's, but the idea seems a pet one of his, which, however, he works well. We are pleased to learn of your re-election as Mayor, and trust you will have leisure to communicate with us occasionally.

JAMES POTTER (Derby).—Thanks for problem, which shall be examined. The introduction you give could not be improved upon.

BANDMASTER B. P. EDWARDS (Aldershot).—We are pleased to hear from you again, and remember quite well your solution in the year you name.

E. J. S. (Clapton).—Probably this is a case where the full solution ought to be given. There have been in this column one or two problems where either R. Kt. or B. is claimed, according to Black's play, and these, of course, should be given in *extenso*.

R. JAVARA AIVAR, B.A. (Tuttenchammy Travancore).—Your solution is quite right. We shall be pleased to examine your problems.

W. H. GUNDBY (Exeter).—The game you so obligingly place at our disposal shall be played over and reported upon in a future issue.

DR. F. ST. (Cambridge).—Thanks for your kind note.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2887 received from J. Mimonds (Valparaiso); of No. 2892 from C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 2893 from C. A. M. (Penang) and R. Javara Aivar, B.A. (Tuttenchammy Travancore); of No. 2894 from Charles Field, junior (Aldel, Mass.); of No. 2897 from F. J. Candy (Norwood); of No. 2898 from J. W. D. Hoare (Bognor); Dr. F. St. (Cambridge); W. Bailey (Liverpool); Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell); C. E. H. (Clifton); Dr. Goldsmith, W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); J. F. Moon, J. Hall, Mrs. Edward Eysan (Higham); J. Bailey (Newark); Jacob Versall (Ridmell); A. E. J. C. Carpenter (Liverpool); and F. C. Hunscher (Fitzroy Square).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2889 received from Albert Wolf (Putney); T. Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); C. H. A. W. M. Kelly, M.D. (Worthing); C. E. H. (Clifton); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); P. W. Moore (Brighton); C. B. Deringham, Alpha, Edith Conner (Beigate); Shadforth, Reginald Gordon (Kensington); F. Dalby, Charles Burnett, H. S. Sharpe (Biarritz); E. J. Winter Wood, F. J. S. (Hampstead); Edward J. Bandmaster, B. P. Edwards (Aldershot); George Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); P. Miller, Rupert Rogers (Stratford); R. Womers (Canterbury); Sorrento, J. Penfold, and F. J. Candy (Norwood).

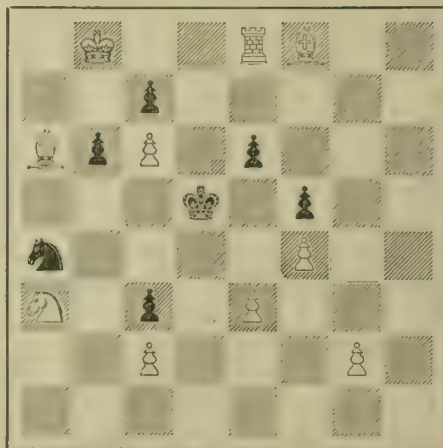
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2888.—By C. F. PAYNE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to R 5th K to B 6th
2. B to K sq (ch) K moves
3. R mates.

If Black play 1. K to Q 4th or 1. R to B 6th, then 2. R to Q 6th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2901.—By W. H. GUNDBY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between MESSRS. T. B. GIRDLESTONE and HERBERT JACOBS.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	20. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K R 5th
2. P to K B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. P to Q 4th	Kt takes Kt
3. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	22. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th
4. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	23. P to K 5th	B to K 2nd
5. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	24. P to Q 4th	P to B 4th
6. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	25. P takes P	B takes P
7. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	26. P to B 2nd	P to K 4th
8. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	27. P to K 4th	R to K 5th
9. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	28. R to K 2nd	R (Kt) to B 2
10. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	29. Q to R to K B sq	Q to K 2nd
11. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	30. B to R 6th	R to K Kt sq
12. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	31. Kt to Q 6th	P to K 4th
13. Q to K 2nd	K to R sq	32. P to K 6th	P to K 4th
14. B to Q 2nd	Q to K Kt 3rd		

Possibly the true method of attack was by P takes P, followed by R to Q Kt 4th. With some pressure upon the Queen's Pawn, which is weak.

15. P to R 4th R to K Kt sq
16. P to R 4th R to K Kt sq
17. P to Q Kt 3rd R to K Kt 3rd
18. Kt to R 4th R to K B sq
19. K to R sq K to Q sq

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS.

Game played between Dr. RYALL and the Rev. F. S. BURGESS.

(Stonewall's Opening.)

WHITE (Dr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Dr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	11. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
3. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th	13. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
4. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
5. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
6. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	16. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
7. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
8. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	18. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
9. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	19. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd
10. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	20. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd

The real chance for White is at this point, and here he fails to grasp the importance of the situation. Q to K 2nd was the move, but any how Black had a strong attack.

21. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
22. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
23. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
24. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
25. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
26. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
27. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
28. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
29. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
30. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
31. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
32. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
33. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
34. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
35. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
36. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
37. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
38. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
39. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
40. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
41. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
42. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
43. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
44. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
45. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
46. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
47. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
48. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
49. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
50. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
51. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
52. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
53. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
54. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
55. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
56. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
57. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
58. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
59. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
60. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
61. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
62. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
63. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
64. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
65. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
66. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
67. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
68. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
69. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
70. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
71. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
72. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
73. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
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80. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
81. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
82. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
83. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
84. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
85. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
86. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
87. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
88. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
89. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
90. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
91. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
92. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
93. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
94. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
95. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
96. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
97. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
98. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
99. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd
100. Q to R 3rd R to K 2nd

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: Nov. 21, 1899.

In "Letters to His Family and Friends" (Methuen) Stevenson is revealed in all the varying moods of his chameleon spirit. He rarely obtruded himself in his books, for he held that literature should be cheerful, buoyant, and objective; but in his private letters he placed no curb on his emotions of the moment. Mr. Sidney Colvin, who has edited the two volumes admirably, announces that he has decided not to undertake the supplementary volume of Stevenson's "Life," which has therefore been assigned to Mr. Graham Balfour. Mr. Colvin was wise. The "Life" is superfluous. The real Stevenson is here in these brilliant and astonishing letters. They vary remarkably, according to the friend he is addressing. He always wrote to his correspondent. They are gay, sad, serious, frolicsome, merry, in turn, but they always have the note of abounding vitality, and they are always inspiring. Stevenson wrote letters as brilliant talkers talk in their best moments. His imagination never seems to tire. One thought leads to another, till the page glows. Here we find a sermon and a criticism; there a story told imitatively and a poem; in another place he imagines a novel that Fielding might have written, and so real does it become to his nimble imagination that before you can catch his thought he is criticising, laughing, and hurrahing at the effect upon himself of the episodes in this unwritten novel. I have said that in these letters he shows himself a man of moods. Small wonder! He never knew what health was, except perhaps in those last happy years at Samoa. He was always on the wing in search of the cure that always eluded him. But nothing dulled his fancy, nothing checked his joy in life, or hindered him from always doing his best. If ever a man was born anew each day, he was. Sad to think that he died just when he was on the threshold of his period of mellowed power—the period of "Weir of Hermiston." No other writer of our time had such power of capturing the love of his friends. Who could resist so versatile and vivid a correspondent? But in Stevenson there was something more than that. He could hold their love. For under all the fun and frolic and light-heartedness there lurked the serious and loyal nature of the man. His seriousness is always there. The deep intention of life was always before him. The real Stevenson was the author of the prayer printed at the end of these volumes, the prayer which he composed and read aloud to his family the night before death. There is a magic in his written words that is indescribable, as it is incommunicable. If those who never saw him feel this, what must have been his influence on those who knew him intimately? Let Mr. Colvin speak: "To his friends he has left behind an image of the memory more vivid and more dear than are the presences of almost any of the living."

Mr. Stephen Crane is one of that little band of living writers whose work counts. He has possibilities. A new book by him may mean much. Recall "The Red Badge of Courage" and "Maggie" for justification of my preamble. He has insight, and a gift of quick pictorial expression; he can tell a story, and he has the go and rattle of the young high-spirited American. If his new book, "Active Service" (Heinemann), does not add many bricks to the edifice of his career, it shows, at least, that he has the stuff that makes the good novelist. "Active Service" is interesting and amusing, and it puts the reader in a genial and merry mood. It is a tale of love won by character and bravery, chastened by the fire of the Grako-Turkish war, against a background of most amusing—I was about to write improbabilities, but who will say that anything in the world is improbable? Mr. Crane treats his reader well. The story gallops along from start to finish, and, apart from its interest, the American slang that dazzles the pages makes fascinating and amazing reading.

The papers just now—I should say, rather, the department of the papers that interests me most, i.e., the literary columns—are full of the popular success of Miss Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage" (Arnold). It is selling by thousands, as last year Miss Fowler's "The Double Thread" sold by thousands. These novels possess the attributes that make for success—a kind of humour, a kind of epigram, a kind of easy philosophy, plenty of love-making, just enough of drawing-room melodrama to spice the tale, and plenty of well-dressed, well-nourished characters. Better novels, much better novels, novels that approach to something like the real thing, are often—alas! that it should be so—comparatively overlooked. I wrote appreciatively a few weeks ago of "Zack's" "On Trial," a book far above "Red Pottage" in insight and power, a book well on the way to being the real thing, but not the type of story that the novel-reading public demands. It is too direct, too solemn, too tragic. To this class also belongs Mr. Walter Raymond's "No Soul Above Money" (Longmans), a strong story of life in Somerset, when bear and bull baiting were the fashion. The people of the story are peasant farmers, and Mr. Raymond has re-created them in a most lifelike way. The simple, tragic history of their lives, relieved here and there by touches of sardonic humour, moves relentlessly forward to a powerful scene of the ordeal of touching a dead body to discover the murderer, and the epilogue where a mother watches beneath the gallows where her son has expiated his unwitting fratricide. The local colour, the atmosphere of the period, the heart-beats of the characters, are realised with biting directness. It is one of the few novels of the year that bear reading with care, but "No Soul Above Money" (a bad title, by the way) will not be popular. It is too good; it is too well written. But perhaps Mr. Raymond is content with wages of another kind—the consciousness of work very well done.

Bibles, bound in khaki, weighing under four ounces, suitable for carrying in the breast-pocket on a campaign, are about to be issued by the Oxford University Press. Bound in khaki! What a notion we are for combining piety with commercialism! The tendency is all in favour of little books prettily bound. Nothing could be daintier than the tiny volumes of selections from Pater, Stevenson, J. K. P., etc., published by Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. Of course they are not for sale in this country. But owners of copyright books here might well take a hint from Maine. QUILL.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



ELANDSLAAGTE: DEVONS ADVANCING BEFORE THE ATTACK.



ELANDSLAAGTE: LANCERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BATTLEFIELD.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



ARTILLERY CROSSING A DRIFT NEAR LADYSMITH.



GENERAL YULE'S COLUMN ON THE ROAD TO LADYSMITH.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



IN FRONT OF THE HOSPITAL AT LADYSMITH: SOLDIER WITH AMPUTATED ARM.



DEVONS' CAMP AT LADYSMITH.



ARTILLERY IN ACTION. ELANDSLAAGTE: TRAINING THE GUN.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DEVONS' CAMP AT LADYSMITH.



GENERAL YULE'S TROOPS ON THEIR WAY TO LADYSMITH.



BOER PRISONERS BROUGHT INTO LADYSMITH.



THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE: CHARGE OF "C" SQUADRON OF THE 5TH LANCERS.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

On the right centre of the picture is Bugler Sherlock, aged fourteen, who shot three Boers with his revolver.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



ELASOSLAAGTE: INDIANS BEARING DHOOLIES WITH WOUNDED.



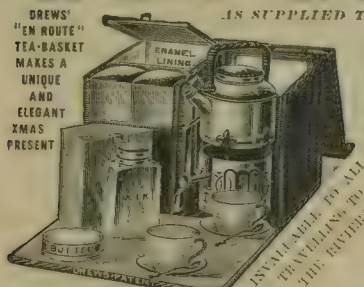
ELANDSLAAGTE: PICKING UP THE WOUNDED ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

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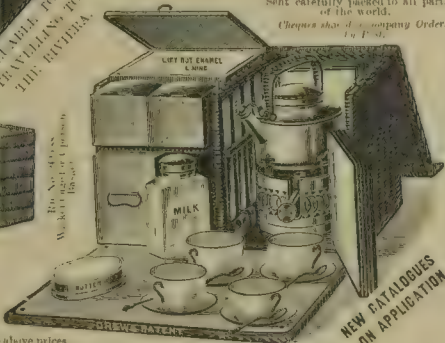


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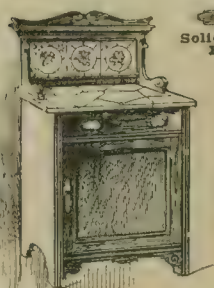
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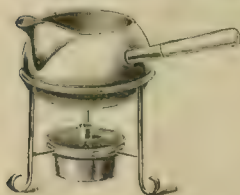
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18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE LATE COLONEL CHISHOLME.

The battle of Elands-laagte, in which Colonel Chisholme lost his life at the head of the Imperial Light Horse, has now been described by the correspondents in more detail than the cable messages allowed. Over the Boer position hung like a pall a great thunder-cloud, fringed with gold of the setting sun. Upon this background every puff of bursting shrapnel showed; lightning flashed from moment to moment; and there was thunder both on the earth and in the sky. The rain fell in torrents as the Light Horse and the Gordons charged—the rain from heaven and the rain of Boer bullets. There were many gaps to fill up as the British troops advanced. At times the first line wavered, and out of four, in some places, three fell. The living, the dead, and the wounded seemed for a moment to be struck motionless together, and then the rallying cry of the officers brought to movement again the men who were only momentarily stunned. Of these officers none had a more conspicuous place or a voice of more persuasive courage than Colonel Chisholme, who had staked so much upon the fortunes of that day. He had left a coveted command in the Lancers to organise and lead the Imperial Light Horse. He had chosen his men, taking not all who offered themselves, but those only whom he selected as comrades likely to follow his leading. There are stories told of his reckless bravery on this fatal field. The bullets, which came so near him in such numbers, and which actually struck his horse, seemed to have no power over him, and perhaps he had become almost callous to their threats when the fatal bullet struck him. The fight was already over, and the victory won, and won by such bravery as his, when Colonel Chisholme fell, almost within sight of the white flag fluttering from a carbine held by a bearded Boer. So ended prematurely the career of a soldier of whom, had he lived, great things were yet to be heard, or the predictions of all who knew him were to go unfulfilled. He was not yet fifty, and his twenty-seven years of service in the Army included some particularly good work in the Afghan War of 1879. The three years in which he served as Military Secretary to Lord Connemara, when Governor of Madras, gave Colonel Chisholme valuable opportunities of study and observation, of which he eagerly availed himself, and which some day he hoped to turn to good purpose. With the Lancers—the 9th and the 5th—his name will always be associated to their glory as well as to his own.



COLONEL CHISHOLME SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

We had been talking for a full quarter of an hour about the exploits of his corps, while Mr. Melton Prior sketched him. "Mind you stick in my whistle," he said, laughing, and then he bade us good-bye with the remark, "I must get the boys together for more work."—CORRESPONDENT "MORNING LEADER"

The Imperial Light Horse is a regiment that ought to be, and at Elands-laagte proved itself to be, particularly well qualified to meet and to out-match the Boers. The difference between the opposing armies, in the main, remarkable. On the Boer side are raised men who fight for their homes; they decide in their Parliament to fight, and they go forth to give effect to their own decision. The English Parliament votes for war, but does not—except in the case of Lord Edmund Talbot and one or two others—go forth personally to conduct it. The nation has to rely on that valour which Mr. Bright once affronted by saying that it could be bought for a shilling at the corner of any street. Perhaps it can; and happy is the nation with whom valour is a ready-to-hand commodity. All the same, the man fighting in his own cause, and not by hired proxy, has his own strength and intensity. Agency is very well, but there are few departments of life in which the saying does not hold good among competent men, that if you want a thing to be properly done you must do it yourself. The English inhabitants of Johannesburg were of that mind; and the Imperial Light Horse was almost entirely composed of men who had lived and laboured in the Transvaal, and whose attitude towards the war was a personal as well as a political one. That is why they were found at the front of the battle-line at Elands-laagte, and why they did not hesitate to follow where Colonel Scott-Chisholme led. A newspaper correspondent who was sitting with our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, sent home some profoundly interesting details of the fatal fight. Colonel Scott-Chisholme came to where the two non-combatants sat and told them that, in his first fight, a shell had fallen between his horse's legs and had not burst; and that on that very morning, in a skirmish, the last shot of the Boers at the Imperial Light Horse had come equally close to him. "It was, indeed," the correspondent continued, "a strange coincidence that such a thing should happen in the popular officer's first and last fight, for the battle of Elands-laagte was his last fight, and at nightfall he was numbered with the slain. I found it hard to believe the truth." "Mind you stick in my whistle," he said laughingly to Mr. Melton Prior, who was rapidly sketching him; and then bade him good-bye, saying: "I must get the boys together for more work." The next news of him heard by our Artist was that he was among the fallen valiant.



FIVE-INCH HOWITZER AND LIMBER READY FOR EMBARKATION FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

Photo. Gray.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

The Queen suffered no fatigue from her visit to Bristol. The opening of the hospital, the knighting of the Mayor in the street, the long drive which gave the loyal inhabitants of the city a welcome opportunity for displaying enthusiasm, all was carried out with excellent effect, the weather not merely permitting, but even prospering, to the credit of our climate in November. Her Majesty had the additional pleasure of hearing afterwards that only one accident had occurred to mar the pleasure of the pageant. The Queen returned to Windsor in time to have several days to prepare for the visit of the German Emperor and Empress, an event which, despite all pains to deprive it of political significance, cannot possibly at this juncture be regarded merely as a domestic occurrence. A visit of a grandson

keep the crowd from assisting the searchers in their arduous labours. With what result the inquisition was made is not yet publicly made known; but the event in itself had its own lesson in setting forth the limitation of liberty incidental to what is to all intents and purposes in South Africa a civil war.

The Union liner *Scot*, which sailed for the Cape from Southampton on Nov. 11, carried the 1st Battalion of the Suffolk Regiment, including 32 officers, 1 warrant officer, and 1086 rank and file. The battalion was under the command of Colonel A. J. Watson. Our illustration shows the bows of the great steamer crowded with the departing troops.

Queenstown Harbour presented a busy scene on the night of Nov. 13, when the 79th Battery of the Royal Field Artillery embarked for South Africa on the steam-ship *Montford*. The battery consisted of 5 officers, 175 men, and 141 horses. The *Montford* also carried half the 61st Howitzer Battery and a detachment of the 3rd Hussars, which had embarked at Liverpool. An illustration on another page shows the horses taking their last exercise before going on board.

The Durban Light Infantry, bringing its local patriotism into play, has greatly distinguished itself during the recent fighting round Colenso. Though Ladysmith is full of Boer prisoners whom they assisted to take, they were themselves in danger of having one of their out-post parties from Fort Molyneux either captured or annihilated during the attack on Colenso. They owed their escape to the long-range fire—some 2900 yards—of the Lee-Metfords handled by the Dublin Fusiliers.

A delightful skit parodying the conventional "Doll's-House" notion of woman's revolt against matrimonial misunderstanding—such seems a fair description of "George Fleming's" second dramatic experiment, styled, not without a touch of ironic symbolism, "The Canary," and received last week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with an enthusiasm which must have recompensed its author for the untoward fate of the earlier "Mrs. Lessingham."

Satirical, however, nay, farcical, as is Miss Constance Fletcher's treatment of the new *femme incomprise*, her tiny play shows sufficient observation of character to rise almost to the level of true comedy. Its



SEIZURE OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AT DURBAN BY THE BRITISH.

scheme is deliciously funny. A superficial little woman, who echoes the sentiments of minor verse, and is courted by a poetically amorous young secretary, runs away from her stout and materialistic husband, and seeks an alternative partner in one or other of her two best men-friends. But



VOLUNTEERS TO THE FRONT: THE DURBAN LIGHT INFANTRY.

the secretary, who has wooed her so fervently as an unattainable ideal, shirks any practical translation of his romance, while a sympathetic and seemingly lonely writer of short stories proves to have a breezy music-hall wife and two dear little babies. All the quaint situations thus involved are freed from even a suggestion of unpleasantness by the saving humanity of genuine humour. Fortunately, too, Miss Fletcher finds admirable interpreters for her pretty farce. Rightly enough, Mrs. Campbell, rarely fitted with a more congenial part, allows the caged heroine to take herself quite seriously, and renders all her moods and tirades with a charming tragi-comic intensity. But no less acceptable were the exertions of Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. E. W. Garden, and especially of Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and Miss Rosina Filippi, all of whom helped to give pungency to this brisk *jeu d'esprit*, and to afford a piquant contrast to Mr. Forbes Robertson's superb emotional acting in the after-piece, M. Tiercelin's strenuous one-act tragedy, "The Sacrament of Judas."

The opening of Mr. Charles Wyndham's new theatre will be memorable at least for the generous benevolence of its manager and the wonderful support accorded him by the playgoing public. The entire receipts of the initial performance were devoted to the Aldershot Branch of the British Soldiers' Wives and Families Association; and, whereas the ordinary holding capacity of the house is about £300, Mr. Wyndham was enabled, through the philanthropy of his audience, to hand over to the fund a lump sum of something like £3000. That old favourite, "David Garrick," was revived for the occasion, and Mr. Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and Mr. William Farren resumed their well-known parts, while Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Mr. Alfred Bishop succeeded to the rôles formerly associated with the names of Mr. Giddens and Mr. Blakeley. "Wyndham's Theatre," it may be added, is a handsome structure of which Mr. W. G. Sprague is the architect.



SEIZURE OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC AT DURBAN BY THE BRITISH: BLUEJACKETS ON GUARD.

to his grandmother it is; but it has to be something more than merely this when the grandson happens to be the Kaiser William and the grandmother Queen Victoria.

During the last week of October a little incident enacted in Durban brought home to the inhabitants the reality of the war in South Africa. It was only an affair of police, or of military acting as police to preserve order; but in a community that has a strongly developed sense of property a Bank is a sort of sanctuary, and a violation of it cannot be carried out without at least a local sensation. Great was the excitement of bystanders, therefore, when in Durban the doors of the National Bank of the South African Republic were approached by a body of searchers, who, under the instructions of the High Commissioner, entered the premises to inspect the strong-room and every nook and crevice in quest of incriminating political documents. Of course rumour ran that gold and notes were to be seized, and a strong patrol was necessary to



THE TRANSVAAL WAR: THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON FOR THE FRONT ON BOARD THE "SCOT."

'SOW an ACT, and you REAP a HABIT; SOW a HABIT, and you REAP a CHARACTER; SOW a CHARACTER, and you REAP a DESTINY.'—*Thackeray.*
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M. DUMAS AND THE AVERAGE MAN AND HIS PLEASURES.—"If he has not some great ideal, such as a religious illusion, a love for science, a craze for art, a passion for charity, one of those all-absorbing delights of the soul, he redescends into instinct, begins to live for the day passing over his head, and appeals to satisfactions of a gross nature, but prompt and certain. They will kill him, perhaps; but what is it that does not in the long run kill? And since men must move towards death by whatever road they take, why not select the pleasantest? and what matters it whether the end be reached a little sooner or a little later? Who knows even whether the short cut is not after all the best?"

'And such is human life, so gliding on; it glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!'

DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF LIVING—partaking of too rich foods, as pastry, saccharine, and fatty substances, alcoholic drinks, and an insufficient amount of exercise—frequently deranges the liver. I would advise all bilious people, unless they are careful to keep the liver acting freely, to exercise great care in the use of alcoholic drinks; avoid sugar, and always dilute largely with water. **EXPERIENCE SHOWS** that porter, mild ales, port wine, dark sherries, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disagree; while light white wines, and gin or old whisky largely diluted with pure mineral water, will be found the least objectionable. **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** is PECULIARLY ADAPTED for any **CONSTITUTIONAL WEAKNESS** of the **LIVER**; it POSSESSES the POWER OF REPARATION WHEN **DIGESTION** has been **DISTURBED** or **LOST**, and PLACES the **INVALID** on the **RIGHT TRACK** to **HEALTH**. A **WORLD** of **WOES** is **AVOIDED** by those who keep and use **'ENO'S FRUIT SALT.'** Therefore **NO FAMILY** SHOULD EVER BE **WITHOUT IT.**

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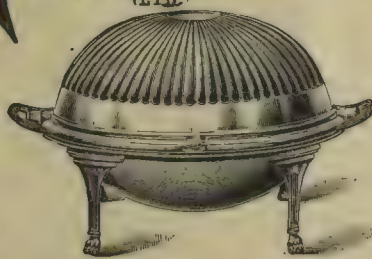
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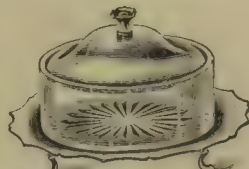
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Sterling Silver Antique Cream-Jug, 5 in. high, £2 2s



Sterling Silver Gadroon Stand, 2 Cut-Glass Ink-Bottles, with Silver Gadroon Mounts, 8 in. long, £6 5s.



Sterling Silver Piced Mustard-Pot, with Blue Glass Linings, £2 10s.



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LADIES' PAGE.

Most attractive are the London big shops just now with their multitude of pretty things of all sorts, and especially of dresses for wear at the evening parties that young people expect to enliven the holidays—for the Christmas season is as much the children's party season as the spring is for the "grown-up" section of society. Sequin-embroidered not dresses, all ready to wear over a foundation, and blouses of many a dainty design and fabric, brighten the

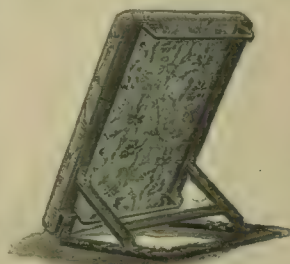
a diamond buckle in it on the left side of the bust by the shoulder. A simpler dress, yet as pretty, was in pink nun's-veiling, Princess fashion at the back, edged round the low bodice with pearl fringe, finished off by a cluster of artificial pink sweet peas at the right shoulder, the pretty trail of blossoms falling thence to the centre of the bosom and down the front to the waist; below that the Princess tunic, edged along with the pearl fringe, opened to show a "devant," gradually widening to the feet, of pink broadened silk, trimmed down with three narrow lines of pearl passementerie, which ended under a foot-bordering of sweet peas.

These may not appear very costly dresses, but the richness of the trimmings made them all handsome and somewhat expensive. That detail has, of course, to be modified according to circumstances. Good embroideries done by hand must be high-priced. The complete sequin-embroidered skirts, on the other hand, can be bought ready for use, if worked by machine, as cheaply as a guinea—but mark that they will not wear well, "running" the moment a thread breaks; those worked by hand are far more durable. Lace is much used to trim girls' dresses, too. For elder wearers, the "coat of mail" sequined net, that is the overlapping bright jet sequins completely covering the foundation, is exceedingly effective for evening wear. Steel is combined with the jet sometimes, the shining steel beads forming a pattern on the jet ground, and this makes a most effective tunic over full flounces of black net or steel-grey chiffon. It is rather heavy, but not so much so as it appears, the soi-disant "jet" sequins being of snowflake lightness individually. By the way, the composition which makes them is inflammable, and one must not, in such a gown, even stand too long very near a fire, or the sequins will curl up in an ugly manner at the edges, spoiling the whole gown.

Real lace is the supreme decoration of a handsome dress; all sorts of lovely passementeries are added, certainly, but lace flounces, or tabliers, or vests and fichus, or boleros, or complete lace dresses, from the comparatively cheap "Luxeuil" to the costly Brussels lace, are quite in the front of fashion. An antique lace shawl, as used up by a clever Parisian dressmaker, was shown me recently; it was made up as trimming on the back of a yellow satin gown. One point of the shawl was drawn up to between the shoulders, and there met the yellow silk fringe that trimmed round the décolletage, and that also adorned the front of the bodice in a series of elaborate lines edging revers and straps; at the back of the waist the lace was drawn in to the figure under a large diamond buckle, and thence it was carried down nearly plain over the tight back and merged into the flowing-out flounce that the satin was cut to form. The shawl came to the front of the skirt far enough round to meet the tablier-trimming, which was composed of rows of the silk fringe edging a series of stitched straps of satin laid diagonally across the whole front of the skirt.

"Tea-gown" should spell ease, and the very purpose of its being ignored when that feature is neglected. It is remembered in perfection in the cashmere gown that is

seen in Illustration. It is a dainty shade of with a wrap finished revers of guipure by a silk in by a and along the deep inner under-are of chiffon cashmere. The other, more elaborately built, is of white lace and satin. The lace sides are banded with black velvet ribbon, and so are the sleeves; and the bands of black velvet passing across the flat front of pleated white satin are fixed on with Parisian diamond buckles. The back falls in a wide Watteau pleat.



A NEW BED-REST.—MESSRS. CARTER

one of our tions this is made in pastel cashmere, loose front, off by thick lace and scarf held buckles trimmed ends with fringe; vest and sleeves tucked or white



CASKET PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT BRISTOL.

The casket containing the address presented to the Queen on the occasion of her visit to Bristol was manufactured by a Bristol firm, the Goldsmiths' Alliance, College Green. It is about twelve and a half inches long, and is made of 18-carat gold. It is of rich Renaissance style, oblong in shape. It is ornamented with six views of Bristol—namely, the Jubilee Convalescent Home, the Cathedral, St. Mary Redcliffe Church, the Cabot Tower, the High Cross, and the Suspension Bridge.

Messrs. Carter, of 6A, New Cavendish Street, one or other of whose world-famous invalid appliances will form the most valuable of Christmas presents to those chronic sufferers for whom the best gift is some means of ease, have just produced a new make of bed-rest that will be equally acceptable to those who are not exactly invalids, but not so strong that breakfast in bed is unknown as a luxury. The defect of the ordinary bed-rest is its stiff frame at top and bottom, which, padded as it may be, forbids real lounging ease, and in invalid cases helps to cause bed-sores. In the new patent, which is to be distinguished as "the



TEA-GOWN OF CASHMERE AND LACE.

Raston," the top and bottom bars are abolished, and a light iron bar standing quite away from the sides of the frame is substituted, so that the base and head of the rest are absolutely free, soft, and yielding, and accommodate the sitter's form as comfortably as the softest of arm-chairs.

Messrs. Peter Robinson's Christmas Bazaar, which is always ready in good time for purchasing gifts for the season, is a perfect fairyland for children, and contains every toy that the most vivid youthful imagination has ever conceived as desirable for Santa Claus to bring. Nor are the elders' wants neglected: for them fancy goods, many and various, are set out in almost bewildering array. This year a very full illustrated catalogue is issued for the benefit of country residents, and will be sent to any applicant; but, if it be possible, an excursion should be made to Oxford Circus, for the sight is one not wilfully to be missed. Dolls

of every size and kind are there in serried ranks; the fully dressed ones are provided with complete underclothing, to take off and put on—that never-failing delight to a young mother. A doll fully dressed in a pretty frock, who will wind up, so that she may walk along the floor and move her arms, can be purchased for the trivial price of four shillings. "La Poupée," a superior mechanical toy, who can say "Papa," "Mamma," and cries when laid down, is a more expensive commodity and very amusing. There are houses for *ces dames*, and furniture of every description for their use: mail-carts and perambulators to give them an airing, baths to wash them in, trunks to hold their costumes when they go travelling, and every accessory to their toy-house existence. For boys, animals and vehicles of all sizes are provided, from the stalwart donkey, big enough to seat a small child on while a kind brother draws it about the garden, down to the little horse that is harnessed to a tiny cart for the nursery floor; and the animals are of all species from elephants to sheep. Mechanical toys are always a speciality here, and range from clockwork engines to run on a table up to elaborate figures like "the smoking nigger." There are new and old parlour-games of many kinds. Boxes of tools, conjuring tricks fully explained with apparatus, magic lanterns, or phonographs will please growing lads; and their sisters will not scorn the excellent imitation jewellery of which Messrs. Peter Robinson have a large

shop-windows now, as they soon will do the gas-lit drawing-rooms of Suburbia. A little glitter is almost indispensable in a girl's evening dress just now, but there are innumerable pretty silks that are more pleasant and serviceable in wear than the somewhat harsh and (unless very costly) easily damaged sequin-covered net frock; and some lines of spangled trimming or sequin-embroidered lace added to a silk or plain net dress will sufficiently lighten its effect. All evening dresses for young girls who are "out," should be trained a little, but not so much as for married women's full dress. All that a girl wears should be gay and light-looking, the opposite to the touch of stateliness and the settled air that become her young matron sister.

As illustrations let us take one or two of the new frocks and try to bring them before the mind's eye. Here is a girl's little gown, fit for sweet seventeen or the turn of twenty. Round the foot are a dozen small frills of white net, each edged along with a line of narrow sequin trimming; above this froth of flounces is a tunic of white broché silk, close-fitting to the knee, but by no means skin-tight, having a small box-pleat at top; it is cut out into points above the net, and is edged with sequin trimming a degree wider than that of which the flouncings can boast. The bodice is made with a bolero of the broché, and has a pouched front of the net between the sequin-trimmed edges of the silk; and across the bolero from its front edges to the under-arm seams are run three sloping lines of sequin trimmings, fixed at the front edges under little strass clasps that seem to hold the bolero into its place over the full net vest. A belt of mauve velvet ribbon fastened with a similar clasp encircles the waist, and broad bands of the same velvet form braces over the shoulders and support a little full sleeve of net frills sequin-edged to match the foot. Another girl's dress that I have seen had a pouched bodice and a top to the skirt down to about the knee of white soft net with flowers in black lace appliqué on it, over a white silk foundation; then came a deep-shaped flounce of black net run round at intervals with rows of white satin ribbon, the foundation still being white. The not-over-low décolletage was edged with black and white ribbon pleated together into a sort of strand, and finished off by an all-white big bow with

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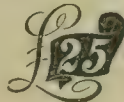
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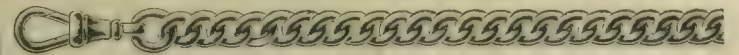
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Symington's pea-flour is a useful article to have in the kitchen for preparing soup quickly for home use; and it is also found invaluable by many ladies for making charity soup for their poor pensioners in the winter. It gives the cook no trouble, for after she has boiled down any bones and vegetables that she has in hand, and strained off the stock thus made, she has merely to mix this pea-flour smooth and stir it in, and the nourishing and useful soup is ready.

Another use has been found for the ubiquitous cycle. Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of Greenwich Road, the well-known makers of fire-extinguishing appliances, have recently constructed for a colonial fire brigade a useful combination of quadricycle and hose-carriage. The machine will carry 600 ft. of hose, with fittings, stand-pipes, and tools. Four firemen can sit upon and work the cycle, and in this way are enabled very rapidly to reach a scene of fire, even over rough roads. The machine thus forms a most valuable addition to the fire-fighting appliances of any brigade, and is especially adapted for use in country districts.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast and Western of France Railway Companies are arranging with the French Government for the attendance of French Customs officers at Victoria Station, in order that passengers via the Newhaven and Dieppe route may have their registered



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baggage cleared in London prior to departure for France. It is hoped that this important facility will be brought into force by Jan. 1 next.

The generosity of the great commercial houses is always signalled during a time of war. On every hand we hear of presents being provided for our soldiers at the front: tobacco, pipes—in fact, every sort of creature comfort. Tobacco will pass duty free. One of the most recent announcements of a gift is that made by Messrs. Hedges and Butler, wine-merchants to her Majesty, who have forwarded to the general British Red Cross Society a pipe of port for use on the hospital-ship *Princess of Wales*.

The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his eldest son, Charles Edward Morris; but the picture of himself as Master of the Shropshire Hounds, the plate presented to him on his retirement therefrom, a diamond necklace, and a service of plate are to devolve as heirlooms with the Wood Eaton Manor property.

The will (dated July 1, 1893), with a codicil (dated April 15, 1897), of Mr. Cholmeley Austen Leigh, of 35, Cadogan Square, and of Kingston Hill, senior partner of the firm of Spottiswoode and Co., New Street Square, who died on Sept. 30, was proved on Nov. 14 by William Austen Leigh, the brother, and Edward Chenevix Austen Leigh, the son, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £118,648. The testator gives £1000, the money in

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 20, 1892), with a codicil (dated Feb. 6, 1897), of Mr. Charles John Morris, J.P., of Wood Eaton Manor, Stafford, of Oxon, Shrewsbury, and Dol-llys Hall, Montgomery, who died on Aug. 24, was proved on Nov. 14 by Mrs. Constance Lingen Morris, the widow, and Charles Edward Morris and John Robert Morris, the sons, the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £440,874. The testator gives £500, part of his horses and carriages, farm stock, wines and stores, an annuity of £1500, and the use for life of his residence, Oxon, with the furniture and household effects, to his wife; £10,000 to his daughter Louisa Rose; £1000 and the household and domestic effects at Dol-llys Hall to his son John Robert; and £6000 each to his sons Robert, William, and George, and an annuity of £300 to be shared between them. He devises Dol-llys Hall and the Berth Lloyd estate to his son John Robert, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male; in default of sons, certain portions are to be raised for his daughters, and the estates are to form part of his (the testator's) residuary estate.

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the house, all his furniture and domestic effects, and the income of his stock of the Stationers' Company to his wife, Mrs. Melisina Mary Austen Leigh; and during her life annuities of £250 each to his children Emma, Richard Arthur, and Charles Rowland; and of £200 to his daughter, Mrs. Katherine Impey. He also gives £500 each to his brothers Arthur Henry and Augustus Austen Leigh; £150 to his brother William Austen Leigh; £100 each to his brothers Charles, Spencer, and Edward Austen Leigh, and to his sisters Emma and Mary; and legacies to friends, servants, and persons in the employ of Spottiswoode and Co. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and at her death he leaves £1000 each to his three sons, and the ultimate residue of his property between all his children.

The will (dated Aug. 8, 1894), with a codicil (dated Nov. 12, 1898), of Colonel Robert Bruce, C.B., formerly Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Inspector-General Royal Irish Constabulary, of 6, Warwick Square, who died on Sept. 1, was proved on Nov. 11 by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Denison and Frank Kinder, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,326. The testator bequeaths his leasehold house and the chattels therein to his daughter, and the sum of £14,000 is to be held, upon trust, for her for life, with power of appointment to her children; £1500 to the daughters of his sister Mrs. Louisa Elizabeth Margaret de la Bere; £500, upon trust, for his brother, the Rev. James Andrew Bruce, for life, and then to his nephew Wilfrid Montagu Bruce; £250 each to his nephews Cyril de la Bere and Percy Robert Bruce; £1000, upon trust, for his niece Zoe Mary Newham; £100 to his daughters' old nurse, Emma Eves; £1000 to his brother-in-law Sir John M. Burgoyne, Bart.;

£1000 to the daughters of his brother Lloyd Stewart Bruce, except Zoe Mary Newham; £200 to the vicar and churchwardens of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico—one moiety for the repair of the fabric, and the other moiety for charitable purposes; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughter.

The will (dated July 18, 1895) of Mr. Asher Barfield, Past Grand Treasurer of English Freemasons, of 26, Clarges Street, Mayfair, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Nov. 13 by Henry Piggott and David Frederick Norrington, the executors, the value of the estate being £27,124. The testator bequeaths his Masonic curios to David Frederick Norrington; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, as to one share each, to his brother Charles Barfield; his sister Mrs. Sarah Edwards; the children of his sister Mrs. Jane Martin, and David Frederick Norrington; and one share, upon certain trusts, for Annie, Bessie, Frank, and Ellen, the children of his brother Henry.

The will (dated July 9, 1897) of Mr. Thomas Greenwood, of Hall Lane, Armley, Leeds, who died on Sept. 18, has been proved by John William Greenwood, the nephew, and Samuel Joseph Chadwick, the executors, the value of the estate being £22,951. The testator gives £50, and such a sum as with the income of the funds of her marriage settlement will make up £250 per annum, to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Greenwood; £50 each to his executors; £3000, a policy of insurance for £1000, and his houses in Noble Terrace, to his daughter Alice; ten cottages at Dewsbury and £7000 to his son Thomas; and £2000 to his grandson John Whitworth. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his son, daughter, and grandson.

The will (dated Nov. 28, 1893), with a codicil (dated May 3, 1899), of Mr. Robert Overton, of Friars Gate, Sutton, Surrey,

who died on Aug. 14, was proved on Nov. 11 by Mrs. Elizabeth Overton, the widow, and John Thomas Overton, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £25,131. The testator gives £200 and his furniture and household effects to his wife; £20 to Sarah Watson Lockyer; and gifts of jewels to his son. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life. At her decease he gives £2000 and his property at Merton to his daughter Grace Lilian; £2000 each to his daughters Edith Elizabeth, Rose M., and Mabel; £1000 each to his sons, William and Arthur Rutley; and the ultimate residue between his children Edith, Rose, Grace, Mabel, Arthur, and William.

The will (dated April 27, 1896), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1897), of Count Charles d'Arville, of 20, Beaufort Gardens, was proved on Nov. 7 by Mrs. Mary Constance Gordon Cumming, the daughter and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £19,314.

The will of Mr. John William Gough, of Souldern, Oxford, who died on May 10 last, has been proved by Miss Eliza Georgiana Moxon and Daniel Pellatt, the executors, the value of the estate being £8860.

The will, with two codicils, of Mr. Philip Oxenden Papillon, M.P. for Colchester, 1859-65, of Crowhurst Park, Battle, Sussex, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Nov. 11 by Pelham Rawston Papillon, the son, one of the surviving executors, the value of the estate being £11,591.

The will of the Rev. Edward Pierce Grant, M.A., Hon. Canon of Winchester, and Vicar of Portsmouth, of the Vicarage, High Street, Portsmouth, who died on May 24, was proved on Nov. 11 by Mrs. Madeline Caroline Grant, the widow, and Ralph Edward Lyon, the executors, the value of the estate being £4227.

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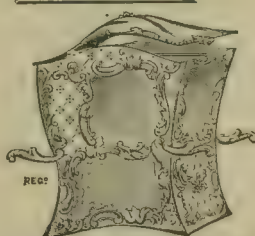


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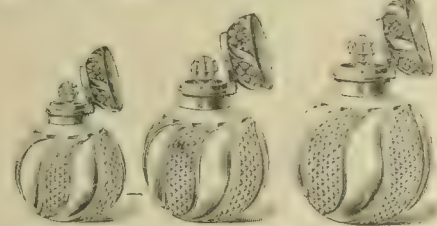
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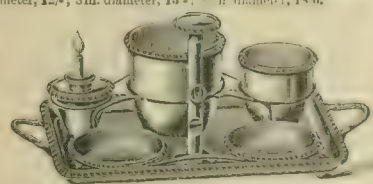


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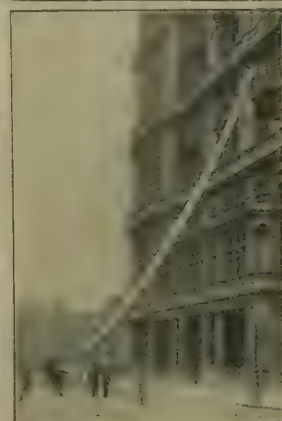
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ART NOTES.

The Royal Society of British Artists restricts its winter exhibition to the works of its own members, and by so doing suggests the idea that membership is within the reach of very ordinary picture-makers. It is a little difficult to enter from such an exhibition as the present in what direction popular taste is tending. One cannot seriously entertain the idea that such mystical work as Mr. Reginald Machell's "Descent of the Gods to Earth," or the pseudo-classicism of Mr. Rupert Bunny's "Venus and Cupid," or Mr. Abbey Altran's illustration to "Iamia" can be in any way attractive to the ordinary picture-fancier, and still less can we imagine anyone wishing to live with Mr. L. Watts's rendering of "The Mystery of Tanit" as described in the now well-nigh forgotten "Salamambo." One would be almost more disposed to believe in Mr. P. H. Newman's attempt to revive (9 and 10) the style in which Stothard made his reputation, or even in the old-fashioned sentiment of Mr. Lillyard Swinstead's "Little Darlings." After all, it is in landscape that the British artists show best, and such works as Mr. Fred. Milner's "Edge

of the Stream," Mr. Montague Smyth's poetic rendering of "Dawn and Morning," Mr. Spenlove's "November Afternoon," treated after the fashion of Hobbema, and Mr. Arthur Ryle's "Loch Assynt," though it would look all the grander without the hard rendering of Ardwick Castle, are works which give some touch of reality to the studies of nature with which the exhibition is furnished. Mr. Ernest Baun's pastel, "Himself," deserves special notice as an excellent study of a child's face, and not less so Mr. Harding Smith's exaggerated rendering of the Arab Hall in the late Lord Leighton's house as a warning against an acquisition with which the public at large need not meddle. In the vestibule are between sixty and seventy "miniature" pictures by Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, the artist's "note-book" of his travels in England, Italy, and Holland. They are bright and attractive, and although chiefly intended as impressions of effect, they are full of strength and careful work.

An annual subscription of four guineas suffices to keep the exponents of New English Art a select body. It is only fair to add that, notwithstanding their exclusivism, the members—new and old—are amenable to public opinion. They no longer attempt to lead public taste

where it will not follow them, and they are content to conform themselves to methods which attract purchasers rather than enthusiasts. Among the water-colours, the only ones which show any marked degree of excellence are three rather low-coloured studies of the Thames at Tilbury and Gravesend by Mr. Francis E. James, and Mr. Hugh Carter's unambitious study of "An Old Cottage." Among the oil works, Mr. C. H. Shannon's three-quarter-length portrait of Alphonse Legros stands out as the work of a real master among a crowd of pretentious effects. Oddly enough, Legros' successor as Slade Professor, Mr. Fred. Brown, is represented by a couple of works which are more startling than convincing. One would like to know in what valley (102) water, even when reflecting the bluest sky, is to be found of such a hue, and whether as a teacher Professor Brown considers it a duty to "correct" nature so drastically. Mr. Ernest Oppler's "Dutch Kitchen" is very Dutch, but somewhat too much in the nature of an echo of the Old Masters; and Mr. George Thomson's various attempts to translate the grandeurs of Durham Castle and Cathedral are not successful. Miss Ethel Walker's figure of a young girl, "Angela" (81), is delicately handled, especially in the



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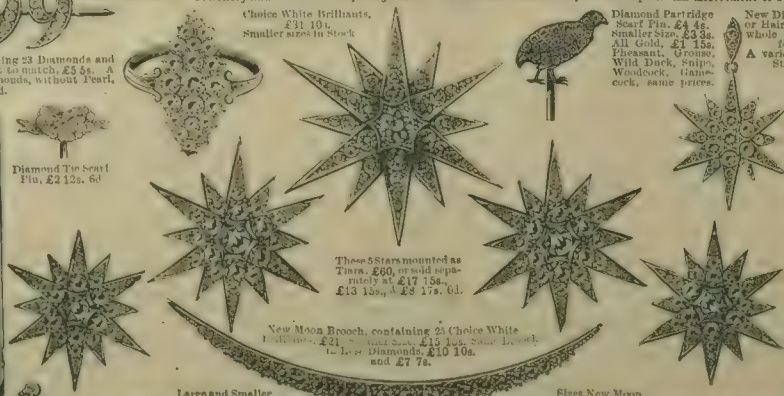
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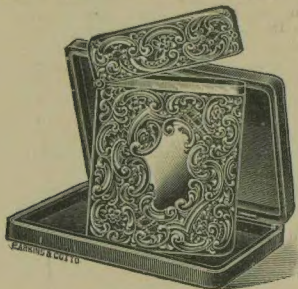
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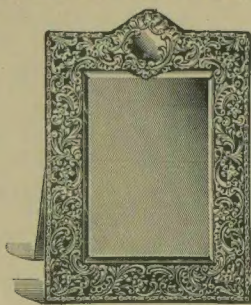
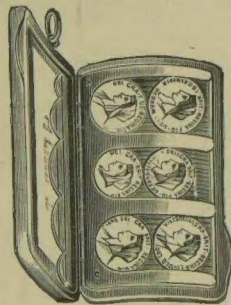
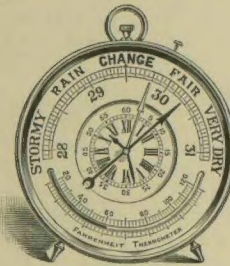


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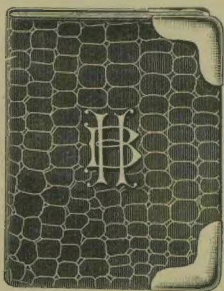
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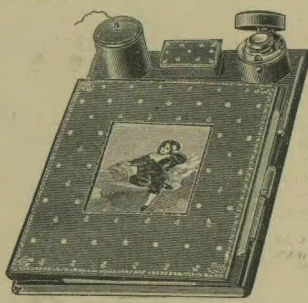
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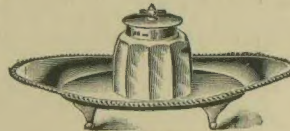
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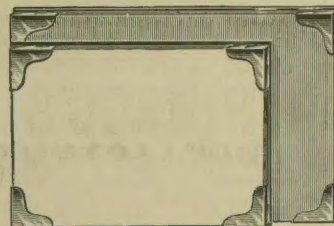
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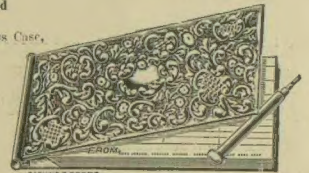
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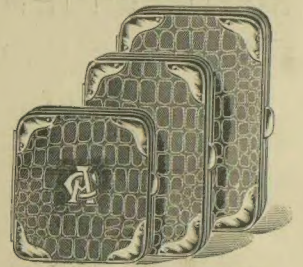
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dress. Mr. Roger Fry's "Pool" is clever but rather unsatisfying; but, on the other hand, Mr. Charles Furse seems to want to crowd too much life and movement into his design for a spandril in the Liverpool Town Hall. Mr. Arthur Tomson, Mr. B. Priestman, Mr. Wilson Steer, and Mr. B. Sickert are still faithful supporters of the New English Art, but in a measure which will ensure them reasonable popularity.

It will be interesting to see how the French will take the proposals of the German Emperor for the decoration of the German Court at the International Exposition. His wish is to have the three principal rooms furnished with articles from the Potsdam palaces and Sans Souci, one of them being an exact reproduction of Frederick the Great's library—the extraordinary patriot who fought French

soldiers with as much ardour as he patronised French art and letters. Two of the rooms in the German section will be hung with fine specimens of the works of Watteau, Lancret, Pater, and Chardin, the majority of which were acquired by Frederick himself or by his immediate successors while French influence still held its own in Berlin among a certain section of the educated class. One room, moreover, is to be an exact reproduction of the finest room in the Potsdam palaces, which were built after the model of Versailles, and have been maintained far more in accordance with the original intention than those of their French prototype.

A few weeks ago we made some comments upon Leader Scott's "Cathedral Builders," in which claim was made on behalf of the Como Freemasons as the preservers or even

as the founders of Italian architecture. Signor Melani, in his able summary, "La Scultura Italiana" (Milan: Haefli), is not so certain as to its origin. He admits fully the important part played by the French sculptors of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. It is impossible to study the works which adorn the cathedrals of Chartres, Amiens, Denis, and Paris without coming to the conclusion that Nicolas de Pise and his followers owed their inspiration to these buildings, of which the greater portion was completed a hundred years before the revival of Italian sculpture. The influence of French art upon Italy is only beginning to be recognised; but it is very satisfactory to find that the editor of this valuable collection of (Haefli) handbooks is fully aware of the change which has come over the views of the historians of art since Vasari ceased to be an infallible authority.

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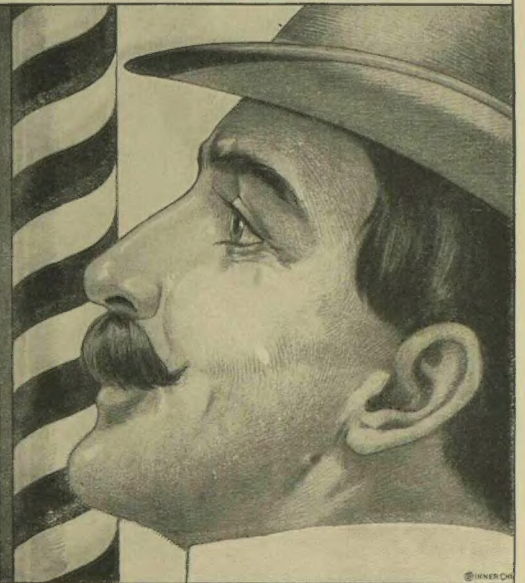
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The lease of Berkeley Chapel, held by Father James Adderley, will shortly expire, and will not be renewed. It will therefore lapse to the former incumbent and leaseholders of the property. It is said by the *Record* that the Cowley Fathers are in negotiation for the chapel. The most popular preacher of the Cowley Fathers was Father Maturin, who is now in the Church of Rome.

Father Wilson, of Stepney, expresses himself anxious to meet the Bishop of London if he will but authorise the use of income, to however small an extent, in the Communion office.

From the Church papers it may be gathered that the Bishops at their last meeting at Lambeth decided to wait as long as possible before taking action against the recalcitrant clergy. Some even think that the exercise of diocesan powers will suffice. In the meantime public attention is occupied by the war, and it is thought that the policy of delay may be the wisest. One Church paper says that there are parishes from which "it would take an army

corps to remove those who at present hold the fort, and it so happens that our army corps are engaged elsewhere in crushing a Puritanical despot."

The Bishop of Stepney told a crowded meeting at the People's Palace that he was the busiest man in London. He prepared his speeches on the tops of omnibuses, composed his sermons in trains, partook of his lunch in underground trains, and on a holiday trip through the Midlands collected £500 for the East London Church Fund. Wherever the Bishop prepares his sermons, he prepares them well. He is now undoubtedly by far the most popular of the preachers at St. Paul's.

It is said, on good authority, that Professor Moule, of Cambridge, has the refusal of the Bishopric of Liverpool when vacant.

The dearth of candidates for Holy Orders is being discussed, especially at Cambridge. The lack of men is becoming impressed on rectors and vicars very practically, but it is difficult to suggest a remedy. The Society of the

Sacred Mission provides in its home at Mildenhall free training and maintenance for young men without means who are willing to serve as priests or laymen without pay, unmarried, in any work at home or abroad, but chiefly abroad. Mr. G. W. E. Russell takes much interest in the society, and Father Herbert Kelly is the director. Not much seems to have been done as yet, but it is proposed to rent a house at Cambridge.

The Wesleyan Methodists are quite satisfied with the progress of their Million Fund. Only £700,000 has been promised, but quiet and steady work is going on, and it is fully anticipated that the whole scheme will be completed without straining or troubling anybody. It was rumoured that one family in Methodism was to subscribe £100,000, but this is denied. The purpose of the movement is to gather the money so far as possible in small sums.

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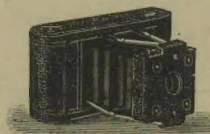
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